

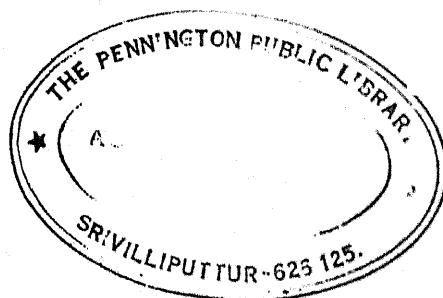
NEW INDIA ENGLISH READER V

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INTRODUCTION

This Fifth Reader concludes the series begun in Form I, and continued in carefully graded lessons through the five years of Middle and High School. A student who has worked through the whole series with intelligence and care should find himself fully prepared for the School Leaving Examination course which is usually taken in the Sixth Form.

The Reader is largely composed of passages taken from well-known books by famous English and American authors, but these short passages should not be the sum-total of the student's reading. It is hoped that he will find them sufficiently interesting to induce him to read further, in the books from which they are taken. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of wide and varied reading if the student is to achieve real ease of expression and fluency in writing. He must be encouraged to browse among the book shelves of the School Library. The demands of the curriculum in a modern school may seem to leave little time for the student to develop his own bent and natural interests, but if he is really keen, he will find time and leisure for reading. A close companionship with the finest minds and finest expression of all time cannot fail to leave its mark for good on his own mind and style.

The exercises at the end of each lesson are designed to test the student's grasp both of the form

the lesson, and should prove helpful in supplementing the work done in regular grammar and composition lessons. There is no need for the teacher to keep rigidly to those exercises suggested: he should build on them, from his own experience, and even in the Fifth Form he should combine oral with written work.

The notes which precede the exercises are not there to save the student the trouble of looking up words in the dictionary. They explain idioms, allusions, and difficult passages which would not be likely to be found in an ordinary dictionary. Where single words are explained, they are always explained strictly with reference to their context. For instance, in the lesson from 'Ivanhoe' the word 'overshoot' means '*to excel in shooting*', while the dictionary meaning is 'to send a missile beyond the mark', and in the passage from 'Pickwick Papers', the word 'exquisite' means *acute* or *intense feeling* only, but this is merely one of several interpretations given in the dictionary. It is obvious therefore that the free use of a dictionary is essential, in conjunction with the lesson notes, for only by this means can the student add to the scope, accuracy and flexibility of his vocabulary.

The teacher can add greatly to the value of the Reader by using the passages from standard authors and poets as the basis for library work. If the original book is beyond the capacity of the student, he may at least read part of it, or read the whole in an abridged edition. There are often other interesting books, essays, or poems which throw a sidelight on, or deal more fully with, the subject under

discussion, and these, with the help and advice of his teacher, an enterprising student might read. For instance, in conjunction with the lesson on Abraham Lincoln, the student might read a historical account of the American Civil War; the life of Abraham Lincoln in the Everyman series; Drinkwater's play 'Abraham Lincoln'; Whitman's 'O Captain! My Captain,' and even Longfellow's 'The Slave's Dream', and Whittier's 'Barbara Frietchie', while John Buchan's novel, 'The Path of the King', provides an excellent romantic background to the character of Lincoln.

Once more the authors express their gratitude to M.R.Ry. T. S. Viraraghavachariar, Avl., M. A., L. T., Headmaster, Rajah's High School, Ramnad, for his valuable co-operation in this Reader.

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NEW INDIA ENGLISH READER

V



I. THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

[The Bible consists of the Old and New Testaments. The Old Testament contains the revelation of God to the Jews. In the New Testament are the Four Gospels telling of the life and teaching of Jesus Christ, the story of the rise of Christianity and letters written to the early churches. The third Gospel was written by Luke, the companion of Paul. It is in many ways the Gospel to be read by young people. This selection is taken from Chapter XV of St. Luke's Gospel. Jesus drew many sinful people to hear his teaching. The religious leaders complained at His associating with such. So Jesus told them three parables, of which the following is the third. A parable is a simple story from ordinary life intended to convey a moral or spiritual lesson. The message of the parable of the prodigal son is that God is like a loving father who longs for his sinful wandering son and rejoices to welcome him home.]

ST. LUKE

CHAPTER XV

11. And he said, A certain man had two sons :
12. And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.
13. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into

NOTES

The kind father in the parable is God. The younger son stands for all sinners that repent, and are forgiven and restored to favour. The elder son stands for the Pharisees (orthodox Jews) and other self-righteous persons who are too formal, narrow and selfish in their outlook.

Verse

- 12 *Goods, estate ; that falleth to me*, that is my share, i.e., *one-third* of the whole.
living, property.
- 13 *gathered together*, converted his share into cash.
riotous living, a sinful life of pleasure.
- 14 *to be in want*, to starve.
- 15 *joined himself*, hired himself as a servant.
- 16 *fain*, gladly.
- 17 *came to himself*, came to his right senses.
enough and to spare, more than enough.
- 22 *robe, ring and shoes* show that he was restored to his former place in the house. These were never worn by slaves.
- 23 *fatted calf*, fattened for some approaching feast.
- 24 *was dead*, when he was leading an evil life, he was dead to his true self, and lost to God and his father ; a state of sin is spiritual death.
is alive again, when he repented of his sinful life, he returned to his real self, and was born again to spiritual life.
is found, is restored to his father.
- 29 *transgressed*, violated.
devoured, wasted.
harlots, prostitutes.
- 32 *meet*, proper. The music and dancing are not out of place. The penitent sinner must be received with rejoicing.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

What share of the paternal property did the younger son get ? What did he do with his property ? Why did he go to live in a far country ? Why was he in want after a time ? What did he do to earn his livelihood ? Why did he envy the swine ? What did he resolve to do ? How was he received by his father ? How did the father celebrate the return of the prodigal ? Of what did the elder son accuse his father ? How did the father justify his action ? What is the lesson of the Prodigal Son ?

2. Give the parable of the return of the Prodigal Son in about 15 lines.

3. (a) What proof did the Prodigal give of his true repentance ?

(b) Why was the father able to see the Prodigal even when he was a great way off ?

(c) How were slaves distinguished from free men in those days ?

(d) Can you show that though the elder son was with his father his heart was elsewhere ?

(e) In about five lines, bring out the idea contained in the following :—This thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

4. (a) These many years do I serve thee. (Comment on the grammar of this sentence).

(b) Yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends. (Give the kind and construction of the subordinate clause in the sentence).

(c) What is meant by the phrase, 'to waste one's substance' ? Construct a sentence of your own using the phrase.

2. SIR ROGER AND THE GIPSIES

[This is an extract from the *Spectator*, one of the earliest of English newspapers. The author is *Addison* who is responsible for the creation of Sir Roger de Coverley, a simple, old-fashioned, eccentric baronet who represents the eighteenth century English country gentleman of the best kind. He was crossed in love by a perverse and beautiful widow, but he was hearty and jovial by nature. He was a justice of the peace.]

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants: but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods, and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge—says Sir Roger—they are sure to have it; if a hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey: our geese cannot live in peace for them. If a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be, whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-

maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer; and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon, every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for about half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them; the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that, if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars, which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it, when one of them, who was older a

burnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage;" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried 'pish' and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. "Ah, master—says the gipsy—that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of this good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him, he found his pocket was picked, that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

—Addison.

NOTES

Gipsies, a nomad race whose original home was in India.

exert the justice of peace, exercise the powers which he possessed as justice of the peace and arrest them as vagrants.

his clerk, to advise him in all cases where a legal difficulty presented itself.

fare the worse, they were sure to steal his fowls if he took legal steps against them.

to have it, to find it out and carry it off.

ten to one, i.e., long odds.

so agog, in a state of such eagerness.

crosses their hands, with a piece of silver before the fortune of the person is told; the silver thereby becomes the property of the gipsy.

sweethearts etc., they get money out of them by promising them lovers.

jades, old, worn-out horses. Here it is used in a good-humoured way to mean women.

sluts, slovenly women; also used in a good-humoured way to mean women.

communicated etc., held out our hands for them to examine.

Cassandra, prophetess; Cassandra was a daughter of Priam and Hecuba. Apollo conferred the gift of prophecy upon her.

crew, company, gang.

line of life, this line runs in a curve from the ball of the fore-finger across the whole palm; it is supposed to indicate the length and character of the life of a person.

an idle baggage, a silly 'piece of goods'; a hussy; used in a good-humoured way.

roguish leer, wicked smile. *simper*, affected smile.

uncouth gibberish, strange nonsensical talk.

darkness, ambiguity.

oracle, the ancient Greeks used to consult their deities for advice or prophecy: the response was often ambiguous or obscure.

jocund, merry.

palmistry, science of reading the destiny of a man from the lines in his palm; the meaning here is 'sleight of hand.'

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

Who was Sir Roger de Coverley? With whom did he ride? What did he first wish to do on seeing the gipsies? For what reasons did he drop the idea? What do the gipsies generally steal? How do they spoil servants? What do they mainly live upon? What did the gipsy predict to Sir Roger? What happened to Sir Roger while his fortune was being told? What prominent traits in the character of the baronet do you notice from this lesson?

2. Write a connected account of how the gipsies told the fortune of Sir Roger de Coverley :—

Hints : palm crossed with silver — palm crumpled and scanned — the 'fortune' which the gipsy tells for Sir Roger — widow in line of life etc. — Sir Roger's reception of his 'fortune', his comments — pocket picked — when discovered?

3. Write a paragraph of about 10 lines describing the life and character of gipsies.

4. Pretend that your palm has been examined by a gipsy. Write an account of the predictions made about you.

5. Use the following in sentences of your own :—fare worse; ten to one; pay for; set agog; for one's pains; live upon; now and then.

6. Complete the following sentences, bearing in mind the context :—

(a) Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in doubt whether.....(b) If a hog loses his way in the

fields.....(c) If a man prosecutes them with severity.....
(d) He found his pocket was picked, that being.....

7. Combine the following simple sentences into one complex sentence :—

He was not displeased in his heart. The gipsy found this. The gipsy made a further enquiry into his hand. His true love was constant. She should dream of him to-night. The gipsy told him this.

8. Give the collective nouns for a group of :—fowls; gipsies; soldiers; sailors; horses; flowers; puppies; girls.

9. Rewrite as directed :—

(a) He was dearer to somebody than he thought. (Use the positive degree of comparison.)

(b) Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things. (Change the voice of the verbs.)

(c) Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them. (Turn into a complex sentence.)

(d) In the *height* of his good humour, he went to *relieve* him. (Use the adj. form of *height* and the noun form of *relieve* in the same sentence).

3. CITY NIGHT PIECE

[This is an essay from Oliver Goldsmith's *The Citizen of the World*, which professes to be a collection of letters from a Chinese philosopher staying in London, to a friend in China. The scene described is in London, a little after midnight. Laying aside his books, the philosopher wanders out in the streets, and is deeply impressed by the universal silence of the city. An hour spent thus brings forcibly to his mind the emptiness of human greatness and grandeur. his piece is one of the best known examples of Goldsmith's exquisite prose.]

The clock just struck two, the expiring taper
 ises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets

the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of co-temporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk.

What a gloom hangs all around ! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam, no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten, an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded and with short sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality ! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others ; and as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds ; there their senate house, but now

the haunt of every noxious reptile ; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded ; and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent ? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease ; the world has disclaimed them ; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the suffering of wretches I cannot relieve ! Poor

houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law, which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility! or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse! Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

— *The Citizen of the World.*

NOTES

Night piece. 'piece' is a literary composition usually short.

This is a short description of London after midnight.

struck, strictly 'has struck': note that the historic present is used throughout the lesson.

expiring taper, candle light that flickers before going out.

socket, hollow part of the candlestick in which the candle is placed.

meditation, guilt etc., abstract for the concrete, the thinker the guilty, the reveller, and the desperate.

destroying bowl, for the bowl of wine destroys the drinker if he indulges in it to excess.

walks his midnight round, prowls about in search of plunder.

sacred person, for God made man in his own image.
page of antiquity, volume from some writer of ancient times.
sallies, flashes of wit.
co-temporary, belonging to the same time or generation.
continual, permanent. *presumption*, pride.
posterity, succeeding generations.
transience, ephemeral nature ; swift passing.
sublunary, earthly. *citadel*, fortress guarding city.
noxious, poisonous, harmful.
opulence, abundant wealth and luxury.
defendants, defenders. *undistinguished*, undistinguishable.
double mask, referring to the hypocritical nature of people,
 smiles without and treachery within.
passion, sexual passions.
those circumstances etc., they are very wretched and so past
 all hopes of active help or pity.
deserted, abandoned. *aggravated*, magnified.
comes an enemy etc., the poor resort to unjustifiable acts to
 gain their livelihood. Laws are made to protect the rich
 man's property against such acts ; therefore all property
 laws are directed against the poor.
Why was not my fortune etc., why was I not made rich enough
 to satisfy my sympathetic impulses and relieve the
 distress I pity ?

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

Explain the title of the lesson. What time of the night
 is it ? Who were at rest and who were awake at that time
 of the night ? Why is the bowl of wine said to be destroyed ?
 How does the robber walk his midnight round ? Why
 is the arm of the suicide said to be guilty ? What does the
 philosopher call 'wasting the night' ? What are the only

sounds that are heard at night ? What does that midnight hour display ? What is the gloomy reflection of the philosopher about the city of London ? Mention some of the great cities of the past whose site can hardly be traced. What does the sorrowful traveller learn from the ruins of great cities ? What causes led to the destruction of these cities ? Who are the people to whom the streets are the only home ? How does society treat them ? Why is every law an enemy of the poor ? Why does the philosopher feel more wretched than the outcasts themselves ? Who, in reality, was this philosopher ? What main characteristic of the writer does this letter reveal ?

2. In your own words describe the two main thoughts that occurred to the philosopher as he walked in the streets of the city at night.

3. Fill up the blanks in the following passage :—

The — of the rich and the great are pleasures when — with the — of the poor. The slightest inconveniences of the rich are — into calamities in most — language to draw our — and enlist our — for them. The poor, on the other — in one day — hardships than the rich — during the — of their lives.

4. Reproduce in your own words the last paragraph of the lesson.

5. Explain in simple language :—

(a) Nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. (b) The suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person. (c) He feels the transience of every sublunary possession. (d) Their circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and their distresses are too great even for pity.

6. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own :—fade away ; redress ; turn one's back upon ; hold up ; adapted to ; transience ; confer ; repulse ; co-temporary ;

posterity : sublimary possession : wearing their daily mask.

7. Combine each of the following groups of simple sentences into one complex sentence :—

(a) Their riches and opulence invited the invaders. The invaders were at first repulsed. They returned again. They conquered by perseverance.

(b) Who are these people ? They make the streets their couch. They find a short repose from wretchedness. They find it at the door of the opulent.

8. Rewrite as directed :—

(a) Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of co-temporary genius, but pursue my solitary walk. (Turn into the Passive Voice.)

(b) Their circumstances are too humble to expect redress and their distresses are too great even for pity. (Alter the constructions *too* — *to*, *too* — *for*, without changing the meaning).

(c) The world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. (as a simple sentence.)

(d) Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility ! (as an assertive sentence.)

(e) Their wretchedness excites more horror than pity. (as the positive degree of comparison.)

9. Analyse the last sentence of the lesson in the usual form.

10. Punctuate :—

What cities as great as this have once triumphed in stoness had their victories as great joy as just and as bounded and with short-sighted presumption promised themselves immortality

4. THE ARCHERY CONTEST

[This passage is from Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*. The third Crusade had ended. On his way back to England, King Richard I was shipwrecked, and fell into the hands of his enemy, the Emperor of Germany. Prince John, his younger brother, ruled England as regent, plotting all the while, to take his brother's throne. To make himself popular, John ordered a tournament to take place at Ashby. It was to last three days. On the first day five renowned knights challenged all comers, but they were defeated by the Knight of Ivanhoe, who was known as the Disinherited Knight. In the general combat of the second day, the party of the Disinherited Knight were the victors. John who had just learnt that Richard had escaped, cancelled the third day's tournament. At the end of the second day's tournament, however, he held the archery contest intended for the next day. The famous outlaw Robin Hood, under the name of Locksley, entered as a competitor. By his marvellous skill in shooting, he maintained the reputation of the Saxons who were treated with contempt by their Norman conquerors.]

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival: nevertheless, that, unwilling that so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a

medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of silvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and underkeepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonour of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles round him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for silvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

'Fellow,' said Prince John, 'I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder.'

'Under favour, sir,' replied the yeoman, 'I have

another reason for refraining to shoot, besides fearing discomfiture and disgrace.'

'And what is thy other reason?' said Prince John, 'who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.'

'Because,' replied the woodsman, 'I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure.'

Prince John coloured as he put the question, 'What is thy name, yeoman?'

'Locksley,' answered the yeoman.

'Then, Locksley,' said Prince John, 'thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bow-strings, for a wordy and insolent braggart.'

'And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?' said the yeoman. 'Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow.'

'If thou refusest my fair proffer,' said the prince, 'the provost of the lists shall cut thy bow-

string, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven.'

'This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince,' said the yeoman, 'to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure.'

'Look to him close, men-at-arms,' said Prince John, 'his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial.—And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent when the prize is won.'

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of

twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

‘Now, Locksley,’ said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, ‘wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the provost of the sports?’

‘Sith it be no better,’ said Locksley, ‘I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert’s, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose.’

‘That is but fair,’ answered Prince John, ‘and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee.’

‘A man can do but his best,’ answered Hubert, ‘but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory.’

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow

placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

'You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert,' said his antagonist, bending his bow, 'or that had been a better shot.'

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

'By the light of heaven!' said Prince John to Hubert, 'an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!'

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. 'An your highness were to hang me,' he said, 'a man can do but his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow'—

'The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!' interrupted John; 'shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!'

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and

not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

‘A Hubert! a Hubert!’ shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. ‘In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert for ever!’

‘Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley,’ said the prince, with an insulting smile.

‘I will notch his shaft for him, however,’ replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. ‘The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. ‘This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood,’ whispered the yeomen to each other; ‘such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain.’

‘And now,’ said Locksley, ‘I will crave your Grace’s permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country: and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best.’

He then turned to leave the lists. ‘Let your guards attend me,’ he said, ‘if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush.’



"The arrow lighted right upon that of his competitor"

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of 'Shame! shame!' which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. 'For his own part,' he said, 'and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old,' he said, 'might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but,' added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, 'he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself.'

'My grandsire,' said Hubert, 'drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or

at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see!’

‘Cowardly dog!’ said Prince John.—‘Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howev’r it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill.’

‘I will do my best, as Hubert says,’ answered Locksley; ‘no man can do more.’

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley’s skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. ‘These twenty nobles,’ he said, ‘which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft.’

‘Pardon me, noble prince,’ said Locksley; ‘but I have vowed that if ever I take service, it should be

with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I.'

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

NOTES

peremptory, urgent.

peomen, small landowners who fought on foot with bows and arrows. This class was noted for its sturdy independence, strength and courage.

aldric, broad belt hung from the shoulder to the opposite hip for the suspension of sword or dagger.

medallion, circular or oval medal containing a figure represented in relief.

ilvan sport, forest sport, connected with hunting.

ilvan fame, reputation for archery.

object of his resentment, Locksley, for he had offended John before the first day's tournament began.

abble, idle talk. *adventure*, try.

under favour, if I may venture to say so.

discomfiture, defeat.

unwittingly, unknowingly and therefore unintentionally.

oble, a coin worth 6s. 8d.

lincoln green, garments made of the bright green stuff woven at Lincoln.

ourged, whipped.

sts, space set apart for sports or tournaments.

braggart, boaster.

how if, what will happen if.

provost, officer appointed to superintend the lists.

craven, coward. *chance*, trial or opportunity.

overshoot, excel in shooting.

men-at-arms, regular soldiers.

butt, a large cask. *target*, shooting mark in archery.

shot at rovers, long distance shooting.

try conclusions with, engage in a trial of skill with.

sith, since. *deliberation*, care.

an, if. *runagate*, vagabond.

gallows, the frame for suspending the rope with which criminals are hanged.

in the clout, a hit ! ; clout is the centre of the target, corresponding to the modern 'bull's eye.'

notch, make a cut into. *shivers*, small pieces.

King Arthur's Round Table, King Arthur was a legendary King of England. He established an order of knights who sat at the Round Table in Camelot. The table was round so that none of the knights might have precedence.

give the bucklers, i.e., yield to him.

buckler, shield. *jerkin*, jacket.

whittle, short knife.

sirrah, a term of address implying the inferiority of the person addressed.

crow over, triumph over a beaten adversary.

frayed, became ragged at the edge.

vindicated, maintained, upheld with success ; proved to be true.

jubilee, originally, a joyful festival held every fifty years ; usually it means a commemoration held in the twenty-fifth or fiftieth year ; here, shouts of exultation or unrestrained joy.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in not more than two sentences:

(a) Why did John cancel the third day's tournament? Why did he hold the archery contest at the end of the second day's tournament? (b) What was the prize offered to the best archer? (c) How many competitors entered at first? How many were there in the end? Why? (d) Mention three reasons why Locksley did not wish to take part in the shooting match. (e) On what condition did Locksley consent to try his skill against Hubert? (f) Give two instances of Locksley's chivalry. (g) Why did Locksley decline John's offer to take him into his service?

2. Write the answers to the following questions in a connected paragraph:

Why did John compel Locksley to shoot? What did he promise to give the yeoman if he succeeded? How did he threaten to punish him if he refused his offer? Wherein lies John's unfairness towards Locksley?

3. With the help of the outline given, write an account of the Archery Contest, in not more than 20 lines:—

Eight yeomen compete — each shoots three arrows in succession — ten hit the target — the two nearest the centre shot by Hubert — fresh target — Hubert's first shot alights in the inner ring — Locksley's arrow two inches nearer the centre — Hubert's second arrow hits the very centre — split by Locksley's second arrow — Locksley's mark — Hubert's refusal to shoot — Locksley splits the mark — acclamations.

4. Use each of the following words or phrases in sentences of your own, so as to show that you have understood their meaning:—

Peremptory; to be matched with; look for; unwittingly; wager; under penalty of; condescend; try conclusions with; allow for; give vent to; crow over; vindicate.

5. Punctuate, writing capitals where necessary :—

And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager said the yeoman your graces power supported as it is by so many men-at-arms may indeed easily strip and scourge me but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow if thou refusest my fair offer said the prince the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring break thy bow and arrows and expel thee from our presence as a faint-hearted craven.

6. Rewrite the following sentences as directed :—

(a) In those days, the skill of each celebrated marksman was well *known* throughout the district for many miles around him. (Use the noun form of the italicized word.)

(b) The diminished list of *competitors* for silvan fame still amounted to eight. (Use the verbal form of the italicized word.)

(c) He has this day drawn as *brave* a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. (Use the comparative degree of *brave*.)

(d) No man can do *more*. (Use the positive degree of comparison.)

(e) For some reason which perhaps he himself could not explain, he felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual. (Change the verbs into the Passive Voice.)

(f) Had the trial not been refused by his modesty, the wand would have been hit by him as well as by me. (Put the verbs in the active voice.)

(g) The people who stood around him were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. (Convert into a simple sentence.)

(h) You have not allowed for the wind, or that had been a better shot. (Convert into a complex sentence.)

(i) He shot so successfully that his arrow lighted in the very centre of the target. (Interchange the principal and the subordinate clauses.)

(j) What if I refuse to shoot on such a wager? (Express the meaning in an assertive sentence.)

7. Analyse into clauses, giving the construction of each:—

Sith it be no better, I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose.

8. Complete the following sentences, bearing the context in mind:—

(a) An thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee,... (b) You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert, or... (c) Your Grace's power may indeed easily strip me and scourge me, but... (d) If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert,... (e) These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert who has this day drawn...

5. THE STAGE-COACH

"FROM BRACEBRIDGE HALL")

[This is from *the Sketch Book* by Washington Irving, an American writer. In the old days before railways were introduced, people in England travelled by the public stage-coaches which ran between the principal English towns. Irving gives an account of his journey by a stage-coach in Yorkshire on Christmas eve. This extract contains a vivid pen-picture of the old stage-coachman, and of the bustle and excitement when the coach passes through a village.]

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers who, by their talk, seemed prin-

cipally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast.

I had three fine rosy-cheeked school-boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of the anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear!

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the whole world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business; but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a huge

roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom, and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole, the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his small clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half-way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler; his duty being merely to drive them from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those name-

less hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of battenning on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and, above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute; sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer.

As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and we have glances on every side of fresh country faces, and blooming, giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphurous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows.

My little travelling companions had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles

recognising every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of the lane was an old sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony with a shaggy mane, who stood dozing quietly by the road-side little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first. Off they set at last, one on the pony, and the other holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had known neither care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity.

—*Washington Irving.*

NOTES

The day preceding Christmas, i.e., Christmas eve.

hampers of game, baskets containing partridge, pheasant, grouse etc., often sent as Christmas gifts.

emancipation, freedom from tasks.

abhorred thralldom, hated slavery.

pedagogue, schoolmaster.

Bucephalus, the famous charger of Alexander the Great.

Christmas greens, holly, mistletoe, and ivy used to decorate English houses at Christmas.

functionaries, officials; people with a particular duty to perform.

air, general appearance and behaviour.

fraternity, brotherhood, or class, of coachmen.

craft or mystery, trade or occupation.

mottled, spotted. *potations*, deep drinkings.

multiplicity, a large number.

cauliflower, a kind of vegetable.

bouquet, bunch. *enamoured*, loving; in love with him.

small clothes, breeches.

jockey-boots, long boots used by jockeys; a jockey is a professional rider in horse-races.

hostlers, or *ostlers*, men whose duty it is to take charge of horses at road-side inns.

battening, growing fat.

drippings, remnants of food.

oracle, a voice of infinite infallible wisdom.

cant, slang, hackneyed expressions.

jockey-lore, knowledge of horses.

ragamuffins, ragged idlers.

embryo coachey, a coachman in the making.

band-boxes, cardboard boxes for caps, bonnets, and other light articles.

- knowing leer*, significant look.
- sly import*, expressive of a knowledge of the contents of the letter.
- billet-doux*, love-letter.
- giggling*, laughing in a suppressed manner; self-consciously laughing: it is often affected.
- junto*, clique.
- speculation*, surmise or guess as to the destination of the passengers.
- cyclops*, a race of one-eyed giants whose business it was to forge iron for Vulcan; hence, applied to blacksmiths.
- sooty spectre*, seen through the smoke, the bellows-man seems dim as a ghost.
- asthmatic engine*, the bellows emitting air with a noise like that made by persons suffering from asthma.
- superannuated*, past work and pensioned off.
- pointer*, dog used in shooting game: when it scents a bird, it stands rigid, with its nose *pointed* in the direction of the game; hence the name.
- redoubtable*, high-mettled; used humorously.
- footman*, man-servant with duties inside the house.
- summit of earthly felicity*, the greatest happiness in the world.

EXERCISES

1. Give brief answers to the following questions:—

(a) Where were the passengers in the coach going? What Christmas presents did the coach carry? Who were the inside passengers? Where were the little boys going? What was the length of their holidays? What joys of home did they anticipate while in the coach? Why were they so very impatient to meet Bantam? Under whose particular guardianship were the boys? What was their opinion of the coachman?

(b) How was the coachman regarded all along the road?

Describe the scene when the stage-coach entered a village. Why was the passing of a coach an event of much speculation at the blacksmith's ?

(c) Why was there more than the usual animation in the country that day ?

(d) Who had come to meet the three little fellows? What did the boys do on leaving the coach? In what manner did they set off homeward ?

2. Describe in your own words the dress, manner, language and air of a typical, old stage-coachman.

3. Write a letter to your friend describing your feelings just before breaking up for the holidays, and your plans for spending the holidays in the best possible way.

4. Write a short essay on "Stage-coaches and Trains."

Hints:—Differences in :—(a) Speed and convenience. (b) Intimacy with other passengers. (c) Station rest-room and inn. (d) Numbers of people who travelled then and now. (The bus is the modern stage-coach).

5. Use the following words and phrases in their correct meanings in sentences of your own construction :—

Impending, a world of enjoyment, emancipation, anticipation, look forward to ; personage, in consequence of, prevalent, enamoured of, inherent in, absolute, hangers-on, in embryo, superannuated, redoubtable, the summit of earthly felicity.

6. Change the following Negative sentences into Affirmative sentences, without altering the meaning :—

(a) I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman. (b) Wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft. (c) There was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear. (d) He has no other duty than driving the coach from one stage to another.

7. Rewrite the following sentences using the other degrees of comparison :—

(a) They seemed to look forward to the meeting with Bantam with the greatest impatience. (b) They pronounced him the best fellow in the world. (c) Bantam possessed most virtues of all steeds since the days of Buccephalus.

8. Insert suitable prepositions in the blank spaces below :—

(a) They had six weeks' emancipation — the thralldom — book, birch and pedagogue.

(b) I look forward — the pleasure — meeting you again.

(c) — the dark, he mistook me — a burglar.

(d) He takes pride — wearing his best clothes.

(e) Neatness and propriety — person is almost inherent — a Frenchman.

(f) He has frequent conferences — the village housewives who look — him as a man — great trust.

(g) All look up — him as an oracle.

(h) The sooty spectre — brown paper cap, labouring — the bellows, leans — the handle, while he glares — the murky smoke.

6. THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

[This is from *Tom Brown's School Days*, by *Thomas Hughes* (1822-1896). The book gives a vivid picture of a school-boy's life at the famous English Public School, Rugby, in the days of the great Headmaster, Dr. Arnold. The hero of the story is Tom Brown, who is now in the Lower Fourth Form. 'Fagging' was a special feature of the school. Every young student had to fag (do menial work) for the praepostors (monitors or senior boys). Every praepostor had three or four fags attached to him. In the morning, they cleaned his study. From supper time till nine o'clock they attended a praepostor. Their work consisted in going to the buttery for beer, bread and cheese, cleaning the candlesticks and putting in new candles, toasting cheese, bottling beer, and carrying messages about the house. When the praepostor had some work to be done, he called the fags, and the three in attendance raced to him. The boy who was last, had to do the work.]

Some of the Sixth Form had left school, and the newly appointed praepostors were weak, so the big Fifth Form boys usurped their privileges. The school-house fell into a state of disorder. About this time the praepostor for whom Tom fagged, left and Plashman, a Fifth Form boy and a bully, moved into the vacant room. Then began a reign of terror. Many of the small boys joined together and determined to resist the bullies. The efforts they made to shake off the tyranny of the bullies, are spoken of by the author as '*The War of Independence*'.

I

East and Tom were one evening sitting in their study. They had done their work of first lesson, and Tom was in a brown study, brooding, like a young William Tell, upon the wrongs of fags in general, and his own in particular.

"I say, Scud," said he at last, rousing himself to snuff the candle, "what right have the fifth-form boys to fag us as they do?"

"No more right than you have to fag them," answered East, without looking up from an early number of 'Pickwick,' which was just coming out, and which he was luxuriously devouring, stretched on his back on the sofa.

Tom relapsed into his brown study, and East went on reading and chuckling. The contrast of the boys' faces would have given infinite amusement to a looker-on, the one so solemn and big with mighty purpose, the other radiant and bubbling over with fun.

"Do you know, old fellow, I've been thinking it over a good deal," began Tom again.

"Oh, yes, I know, fagging you are thinking of. Hang it all, but listen here. Tom—here's fun. Mr. Winkle's horse—"

"And I've made up my mind," broke in Tom, "that I won't fag except for the sixth."

"Quite right, too, my boy," cried East, putting his finger on the place and looking up; "but a pretty peck of troubles you'll get into, if you're going to play that game. However, I'm all for a strike myself, if we can get others to join—it's getting too bad."

"Can't we get some sixth-form fellow to take it up?" asked Tom.

"Well, perhaps we might; Morgan would interfere, I think. Only," added East, after a moment's pause, "you see we should have to tell

him about it, and that's against School principles. Don't you remember what old Brooke said about learning to take our own parts?"

"Ah, I wish old Brooke were back again—it was all right in his time."

"Why, yes, you see, then the strongest and best fellows were in the sixth, and the fifth-form fellows were afraid of them, and they kept good order; but now our sixth-form fellows are too small, and the fifth don't care for them, and do what they like in the house."

"And so we get a double set of masters," cried Tom, indignantly; "the lawful ones, who are responsible to the Doctor at any rate, and the unlawful—the tyrants, who are responsible to nobody."

"Down with the tyrants!" cried East; "I'm all for law and order, and hurrah for a revolution."

"I shouldn't mind if it were only for young Brooke, now," said Tom "he's such a good-hearted, gentlemanly fellow, and ought to be in the sixth—I'd do anything for him. But that black-guard Flashman, who never speaks to one without a kick or an oath—"

"The cowardly brute," broke in East, "how I hate him! And he knows it too, he knows that you and I think him a coward. What a bore that he's got a study in this passage! Don't you hear them now at supper in his den? Brandy-

punch going, I'll bet. I wish the Doctor would come out and catch him. We must change our study as soon as we can."

"Change or no change, I'll never fag for him again," said Tom, thumping the table.

II

"Fa-a-a-ag!" sounded along the passage from Flashman's study. The two boys looked at one another in silence. It had struck nine, so the regular night-fags had left duty, and they were the nearest to the supper-party. East sat up and began to look comical, as he always did under difficulties.

"Fa-a-a-ag!" again. No answer.

"Here, Brown! East! you cursed young skulks," roared out Flashman, coming to his open door, "I know you're in--no shirking."

Tom stole to their door, and drew the bolts as noiselessly as he could; East blew out the candle. "Barricade the first," whispered he. "Now, Tom, mind, no surrender."

"Trust me for that," said Tom between his teeth.

In another minute they heard the supper-party turn out and come down the passage to their door. They held their breaths, and heard whispering, of which they only made out Flashman's words, "I know the young brutes are in."

Then came summonses to open, which being unanswered, the assault commenced: luckily the

door was a good strong oak one, and resisted the united weight of Flashman's party. A pause followed, and they heard a besieger remark, "They're in safe enough—don't you see how the door holds at top and bottom? so the bolts must be drawn. We should have forced the lock long ago." East gave Tom a nudge, to call attention to this scientific remark.

Then came attacks on particular panels, one of which at last gave way to the repeated kicks; but it broke inwards, the broken piece got jammed across, the door being lined with green baize, and couldn't easily be removed from outside; and the besieged, scorning further concealment, strengthened their defences by pressing the end of their sofa against the door. So, after one or two more ineffectual efforts, Flashman and Co. retired, vowing vengeance in no mild terms.

III

The morning after the siege the storm burst upon the rebels in all its violence. Flashman laid wait, and caught Tom before second lesson, and receiving a point blank 'No,' when told to fetch his hat, seized him and twisted his arm, and went through the other methods of torture in use. "He couldn't make me cry, though," as Tom said triumphantly to the rest of the rebels, "and I kicked his shins well, I know." And soon it crept out that a lot

of the fags were in league, and Flashman excited his associates to join him in bringing the young vagabonds to their senses; and the house was filled with constant chasings, and sieges, and lickings of all sorts; and in return, the bullies' beds were pulled to pieces, and drenched with water, and their names written up on the walls with every insulting epithet which the fag invention could furnish. The war, in short, raged fiercely; but soon, as Diggs had told them, all the better fellows in the fifth gave up trying to fag them, and public feeling began to set against Flashman and his two or three intimates, and they were obliged to keep their doings more secret, but being thorough bad fellows, missed no opportunity of torturing in private.

IV

[In imitation of the Derby lottery, the boys held lotteries at school. On a certain Saturday a lottery was arranged to be drawn in the Hall. All the tickets were folded up and placed in a hat. The names of the favourite horses likely to win the race were written on a few tickets. These were the prize tickets. One boy called out the lists of boys' names, and each boy, as his name was called, drew a ticket from the hat, shouting the result. The big sporting set had all drawn blanks. Then came the turn of the small boys. Tom was in luck, and drew 'Harkaway,' which was one of the favourite horses. Flashman pounced upon Tom and asked him to sell his ticket for five shillings. Tom stoutly refused. Thereupon Flashman and his set proceeded to torture him.]

"No, no!" said Flashman, pushing in, "leave me to deal with him; we'll draw lots for it

afterwards. Now, sir, you know me—you'll sell 'Harkaway' to us for five shillings, or you'll repent it."

"I won't sell a bit of him," answered Tom, shortly.

"You hear that now!" said Flashman, turning to the others. "He's the coxiest young blackguard in the house—I always told you so. We're to have all the trouble and risk of getting up the lotteries for the benefit of such fellows as he."

Flashman forgets to explain what risk they ran, but he speaks to willing ears. Gambling makes boys selfish and cruel as well as men.

"That's true—we always draw blanks," cried one. "Now, sir, you shall sell half at any rate."

"I won't," said Tom, flushing up to his hair, and lumping them all in his mind with his sworn enemy.

"Very well then, let's roast him," cried Flashman, and catches hold of Tom by the collar; one or two boys hesitate, but the rest join in. East seizes Tom's arm and tries to pull him away, but is knocked back by one of the boys, and Tom is dragged along struggling. His shoulders are pushed against the mantelpiece, and he is held by main force before the fire, Flashman drawing his trousers tight by way of extra torture. Poor East, in more pain even than Tom, suddenly thinks of Diggs, and darts off to find him. "Will you sell now for ten shillings?" says one boy who is relenting.

Tom only answers by groans and struggles.

"I say, Flashey, he has had enough," says the same boy, dropping the arm he holds.

"No, no, another turn'll do it," answered Flashman. But poor Tom is done already, turns deadly pale, and his head falls forward on his breast just as Diggs, in frantic excitement, rushes into the hall with East at his heels.

"You cowardly brutes!" is all he can say, as he catches Tom from them and supports him to the Hall table. "Good God! he's dying. Here get some cold water—run for the housekeeper."

Flashman and one or two others slink away; the rest ashamed and sorry, bend over Tom or run for water, while East darts off for the housekeeper. Water comes, and they throw it on his hands and face, and he begins to come to. "Mother!"—the words came feebly and slowly—"it's very cold to-night." Poor old Diggs is blubbering like a child. "Where am I?" goes on Tom, opening his eyes. "Ah! I remember now," and he shut his eyes again and groaned.

"I say," is whispered, "we can't do any good, and the housekeeper will be here in a minute," and all but one steal away; he stays with Diggs, silent and sorrowful, and fans Tom's face.

The housekeeper comes in with strong salts, and Tom soon recovers enough to sit up. There is a smell of burning; she examines his clothes, and looks up inquiringly. The boys are silent.

"How did he come so?" No answer.

"There's been some bad work here looking very serious, "and I shall speak to the Doctor about it." Still no answer.

"Hadh't we better carry him to the hospital?" suggests Diggs.

"Oh, I can walk now," says Tom; and he goes by East and the housekeeper, goes to the doctor. The boy who held his ground is soon at rest, who are all in fear of their lives. "Does she know about it?"

"Not a word—he's a staunch little fellow," pausing a moment, he adds, "I'm sick of what brutes we've been!"

—Thomson

NOTES

In a brown study, plunged in deep thought.

brooding, meditating constantly.

William Tell, a famous Swiss archer, who was forced to shoot the Austrian governor of Switzerland, to shoot at an apple placed on the head of his only son, who was banished, but subsequently managed to kill the governor.

Scud, nickname of East, a friend of Tom Brown.

snuff, remove the burnt part of the wick.

fag us, exact menial work from us.

luxuriously devouring, reading with avidity and energy for a mighty purpose, i.e. freeing themselves from the tyrannical bullies.

hang it all, let that go; don't mind it.

Mr. Winkle, a member of the Pickwick Club; the account of the journey of the Pickwickians to Manor House.

Mr. Winkle rode a big bony horse which behaved in a most mysterious manner. [Read Chapter V, *The Pickwick Papers*, Charles Dickens.]

a pretty peck of troubles etc., you will suffer for it.

play that game, refuse to fag for the Fifth Form.

to take it up, i.e. take up our cause.

against School principles, tale-bearing is against the tradition of a public school.

take our own parts, fight our own battles.

the lawful ones, the Sixth Form boys.

hurrah for a revolution, let us do away with the tyranny of the Fifth Form.

Blackguard, scoundrel. *what a bore*, how vexatious!

II

skulks, shirkers.

barricade, temporary obstruction; referring to the bolt at the top.

nudge, gentle push of the elbow.

scientific remark, shrewd observation.

panel, board that forms the middle part of door.

got jammed across, struck against the framework and could not be moved.

ineffectual, fruitless.

III

the storm burst etc., the fury of the bullies was directed against the little boys who refused to fag for the Fifth Form.

laid wait, hid in unexpected places to pounce on the fags.

point blank, direct; *a point blank 'No'*, a flat refusal.

shin, front part of the leg. *crept out*, became known.

were in league, had joined together.

bringing...to their senses, teaching them a lesson and punishing them.

licking, beating.

drenched, made thoroughly wet, soaked.

insulting epithet, word of abuse.
which the fag invention etc., which the fags could think of
public feeling...them, all the boys of the school turned against
 the bullies.

IV

Harkaway, the name of a favourite horse.
repent it, be sorry for your conduct.
coziest, most vain and proud.
flushing up to his hair, his whole face turning red.
bumping them all etc., thinking that all the boys there were the
 accomplices of Flashman.
relenting, softening ;
has had enough, has been tortured sufficiently.
another turn...it, hold him before the fire once more, and he
 will yield.
in frantic excitement terribly agitated.
slink away, slip quietly away in shame.
to come to, to recover his senses.
blubbing, crying in sympathy.
all but one, this one is East.
salts, smelling salts.
held his ground, stayed with him when the rest had run away.
in fear of their lives, in mortal fear lest the matter should
 reach the ears of the Doctor.
peach, speak out ; tell what had happened and who was to
 blame.
sick of, disgusted with.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in a complete sentence :—

(a) What was Tom Brown brooding upon ? What was East doing ? What did Tom resolve to do ? What was East's opinion on the matter ? Why could they not bring

the matter to the notice of the proper authorities? Who were the double set of masters they had to obey?

(b) What was Flashman doing that night? What did Tom and East do when Flashman called out for a fag? What did Flashman's party do to get at the rebels? What was the result of the siege?

(c) What incident brought matters to a crisis? What efforts did the fags make to resist the bullies? What did the bullies do to bring the rebels to their senses? How did the fags retaliate? What do you understand by the term 'War of Independence'? What was the result of this war?

(d) What favourite did Tom draw in the lottery? Why did Tom refuse to sell his ticket to Flashman? How did Flashman punish Tom for his obstinacy? How was the torture stopped? Why did Tom not peach? What did the school-house think of the conduct of Tom and Flashman respectively?

2. Write an essay describing the War of Independence in three paragraphs :—Cause, course, and result.

3. Pretend that you are Tom Brown, speaking to half a dozen fags about resisting the Fifth Form bullies and refusing to fag for them. Write down the conversation.

4. Write a short account of the customs and traditions of your own school.

5. Write sentences of your own using the following words and phrases so as to bring out their correct meaning :—

In a brown study; brood upon; pretty peck of troubles; at any rate; down with; a bore; hold one's breath; give way; give up; point blank; lay wait; in league; run a risk; to come to; blubber; to be sick of.

6. Turn the following passage into Indirect Speech :—

"Down with the tyrants!" cried East; "I'm all for law and order, and hurrah for a revolution." "I shouldn't mind if it were only for young Brooke, now," said Tom, "he's such a good-hearted, gentlemanly fellow; I'd do anything for

him. But that blackguard Flashman, who never speaks to me without a kick or an oath—."

"The cowardly brute," broke in East, "how I hate him! And he knows it too, he knows that you and I think him a coward. What a bore he has got a study in this passage! Don't you hear them now at supper in his den?"

7. Turn the following into statements:—

(a) What right have the Fifth-form boys to fag us? (b) Can't we get some Sixth-form fellow to take it up? (c) Don't you remember what old Brooke said about learning to take our own parts? (d) Hadn't we better carry him to the sick-room?

8. Change the following exclamatory sentences into statements:—

(a) What a bore that he's got a study in this passage! (b) What brutes we have been! (c) The cowardly brute, how I hate him! (d) Would that old Brooke were back again!

9. (a) i. They have no more right than you have to fag them.

ii. Poor East was in more pain than Tom.

Express the above sentences using the Positive degree of comparison.

(b) He is the coxiest young blackguard in the house.

Use the comparative and the positive degrees of 'coxiest'.

7. AN ADVENTURE ON THE ROAD

[This piece is from '*Romany Rye*' by George Borrow (1803—1881). His father was an officer in the army, and Borrow's boyhood was spent in wandering with his father's regiment, gaining smatterings of French, Italian and Spanish, and acquiring the lore of boxers, horse-coupers and gipsies. He travelled with the gipsies over Europe and Asia. His two books '*Lavengro*' and '*Romany Rye*' are about the gipsies, and a regular autobiography of Borrow.

A party of gipsies was encamped in Mumper's Dingle in Staffordshire. Borrow lived with the gipsies studying the Romany language. One day Borrow purchased a fine horse from the landlord of an inn near by. After disposing of his property which consisted of his pony, tent and tinker-tools, he set out as a traveller. This is an account of his first adventure on the road.]

I might have travelled about six miles, amongst cross-roads and lanes, when suddenly I found myself upon a broad and very dusty road, which seemed to lead due north. As I wended along this, I saw a man upon a donkey, riding towards me. The man was commonly dressed, with a broad felt hat on his head, and a kind of satchel on his back; he seemed to be in a mighty hurry, and was every now and then belabouring the donkey with a cudgel. The donkey, however, which was a fine large creature of the silver-grey species did not appear to sympathise at all with its rider in his desire to get on, but kept its head turned back as much as possible, moving from one side of the road to the other, and not making much forward way. As I passed, being naturally of a very polite disposition, I gave the man the *sele* of the day, asking him, at the same time,

why he beat the donkey ; whereupon the fellow, eyeing me askance, told me to mind my own business, with the addition of something which I need not repeat. I had not proceeded a furlong before I saw seated on the dust by the wayside, close by a heap of stones, and with several flints before him, a respectable-looking old man, with a straw hat and a white smock, who was weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for, father?" said I. "Have you come to any hurt?"

"Hurt enough," sobbed the old man, "I have been just tricked out of the best ass in England by a villain, who gave me nothing but these trash in return," pointing to the stones before him..

"I really scarcely understand you," said I, "I wish you would explain yourself more clearly."

"I was riding on my ass from market," said the old man, "when I met here a fellow with a sack on his back who, after staring at the ass and me a moment or two, asked me if I would sell her. I told him that I could not think of selling her, as she was very useful to me, and though an animal, my true companion whom I loved as much as if she were my wife and daughter. I then attempted to pass on, but the fellow stood before me, begging me to sell her, saying that he would give me anything for her ; well, seeing that he persisted, I said at last that, if I sold her, I must have six pounds for her,

and I said so to get rid of him, for I saw that he was a shabby fellow, who had probably not six shillings in the world; but I had better have held my tongue," said the old man, crying more bitterly than before, "for the words were scarcely out of my mouth, when he said he would give me what I asked, and taking the sack from his back, he pulled out a steelyard, and going to the heap of stones there, he took up several of them and weighed them, then flinging them down before me, he said, 'There are six pounds, neighbour; now, get off the ass, and hand over to me.' Well, I sat like one dumb-founded for a time, till at last I asked him what he meant. 'What do I mean,' said he, 'you old rascal, why, I mean to claim my purchase,' and then, he swore so awfully, that, scarcely knowing what I did I got down, and he jumped on the animal, and rode off as fast as he could."

"I suppose he was the fellow," said I, "whom I just now met upon a fine grey ass, which he was beating with a cudgel."

"I dare say he was," said the old man, "I saw him beating her as he rode away, and I thought I should have died."

"I never heard such a story," said I; "well, do you mean to submit to such a piece of roguery quietly?"

"Oh, dear," said the old man, "what can I do? I am seventy-nine years of age; I am bad on my feet, and daren't go after him."

"Shall I go?" said I; "the fellow is a thief, and any one has a right to stop him."

"Oh, if you could but bring her again to me," said the old man, "I would bless you to my dying day; but have a care; I don't know but after all the law may say that she is his lawful purchase. I asked six pounds for her; and he gave me six pounds."

"Six flints you mean," said I; "no, no, the law is not quite so bad as that either; I know something about her and am sure that she will never sanction such a quibble. At all events, I'll ride after the fellow."

Thereupon turning the horse round, I put him to his very best trot; I rode nearly a mile without obtaining a glimpse of the fellow, and was becoming apprehensive that he had escaped me by turning down some bypath, two or three of which I had passed. Suddenly, however, on the road making a slight turning, I perceived him right before me, moving at a tolerably swift pace, having by this time probably overcome the resistance of the animal. Putting my horse to a full gallop I shouted at the top of my voice, "Get off that donkey, you rascal, and give her up to me, or I'll ride you down." The fellow hearing the thunder of the horse's hoofs behind him, drew up on one side of the road.

"What do you want?" said he, as I stopped my charger, now almost covered with sweat and foam, close beside him. "Do you want to rob me?"

"To rob you?" said I. "No! but to take from you that ass, of which you have just robbed its owner."

"I have robbed no man," said the fellow; "I just now purchased it fairly of its master, and the law will give it to me; he asked six pounds for it, and I gave him six pounds."

"Six stones you mean, you rascal," said I; "get down, or my horse shall be upon you in a moment." Then with a motion of my reins, I caused the horse to rear, pressing his sides with my heels as if I intended to make him leap.

"Stop," said the man, "I'll get down, and then try if I can't serve you out." He then got down, and confronted me with his cudgel; he was a horrible-looking fellow, and seemed prepared for anything. Scarcely, however, had he dismounted, when the donkey jerked the bridle out of his hand, and probably in revenge for the usage she had received, gave him a pair of tremendous kicks on the hip with her hinder legs, which overturned him, and then scampered down the road, the way she had come. "Pretty treatment this," said the fellow, getting up without his cudgel, and holding his hand to his side, "I wish I may not be lamed for life."

"And if you be," said I, "it would merely serve you right, you rascal, for trying to cheat a poor old man out of his property by quibbling at words."

"Rascal!" said the fellow, "you lie, I am no rascal; and as for quibbling with words—suppose

I did! What then? All the first people do it! The gentlefolk that call themselves the guides of the popular mind do it! I'm no ignoramus. I read the newspapers, and know what's what."

"You read them to some purpose," said I. "Well, if you are lamed for life, and unfitted for any active line—turn newspaper editor; I should say you are perfectly qualified, and this day's adventure may be the foundation of your fortune." Thereupon I turned round and rode off.

The fellow followed me with a torrent of abuse. "Confound you," said he—yet that was not the expression either—"I know you; you are one of the horse patrol, come down into the country on leave to see your relations. Confound you, you and the like of you have knocked my business on the head near London, and I suppose we shall have you shortly in the country."

"To the newspaper office," said I, "and fabricate falsehoods out of flint stones." Then touching the horse with my heels, I trotted off, and coming to the place where I had seen the old man, I found him there, risen from the ground, and embracing his ass.

I told him that I was travelling down the road, and said, that if his way lay in the same direction as mine, he could do no better than accompany me for some distance, lest the fellow, who for aught I knew, might be hovering nigh, might catch him alone, and

again get his ass from him. After thanking me for my offer, which he said he would accept, he got upon his ass, and we proceeded together down the road.

—George Borrow.

NOTES

Satchel, small leather bag.

mighty, very great. *belabouring*, thrashing.

silver grey, shiny grey colour. *forward way*, progress.

the sele of the day, a friendly greeting in passing.

eyeing me askance, looking at me suspiciously.

mind my own business, i.e. not to meddle with the affairs of others.

something etc., oath or words of abuse.

smock, labourer's outer garment. *tricked*, cheated.

trash, rubbish, worthless stuff. *persisted*, pressed obstinately.

had better have held my tongue, ought not to have spoken to him as I did.

steelyard, a kind of balance.

dumbfoundered, struck dumb with surprise.

I dare say, it is very likely.

submit, coolly endure, without protest or resentment.

such a piece of roguery, wicked robbery.

bad on my feet, walking is painful and difficult for me.

to my dying day, as long as I live.

have a care, be cautious.

quibble, play on words. *at all events*, in any case.

glimpse, momentary view. *apprehensive*, afraid.

ride you down, make my horse trample on you and crush you under its feet.

drew up, stopped.

to rear, to raise itself on its hind legs.

serve you out, retaliate; repay the insult in kind.

confronted, stood face to face.
for anything, for any mischief.
 jerked, snatched with a sharp sudden pull.
overturned him, knocked him down.
scampered, ran hastily, as if frightened.
serve you right, you richly deserve it.
the first people, people of high rank.
ignoramus, ignorant person.
know what's what, know a good thing when I see one.
to some purpose, to cheat people. (ironical)
the foundation of your fortune, the means of making you
 successful in life.
torrent of abuse, violent flow of abusive words.
confound you, a mild oath ; God perplex you.
horse patrol, mounted police going round a town.
the like of you, people of your type.
knocked my business on the head, spoiled or destroyed my
 method of gaining a livelihood, i.e. highway robbery.
fabricate etc., invent lies even from such harmless things as
 flintstones.
for aught I know, so far as I know.
hovering nigh, loitering or hiding near by.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

Why did the man thrash the donkey ? What did Borrow say to the man ? What was the man's reply ? Why was the old man weeping by the roadside ? Where did Borrow overtake the donkey thief ? How did Borrow force him to dismount ? How did the donkey escape from the thief ? What did Borrow say to the man ? How did the man defend himself ? What did the thief take Borrow for ? What were Borrow's parting words to the thief ?

2. Describe in about 15 lines Borrow's adventure with the donkey thief on the road:—

Hints: Old man's story—riding after the thief—overtaking him—the thief's argument—the thief made to get down—donkey serves him right—Borrow's advice.

3. Write a letter to your friend telling him of a recent adventure of your own.

4. Write complex sentences using the following words and phrases:—

In a mighty hurry; askance; mind one's business; hold one's tongue; dumb-founded; I dare say; have a care; at all events; glimpse; serve one out; serve one right; know what's what.

5. Analyse the following sentence in the tabular form:

Scarcely, however, had he dismounted, when the donkey jerked the bridle out of his hand.....the way she had come

6. Punctuate writing capitals where necessary:

Do you want to rob me to rob you said I no but to take from you that ass of which you have just robbed its owner I have robbed no man said the fellow I just now purchased it fairly of its master and the law will give it to me he asked me six pounds for it and I gave him six pounds six stones you mean you rascal said I get down or my horse shall be upon you in a moment.

7. After punctuating the passage in Q. 6 report it in Indirect Speech.

8. Convert each of the following into a complex sentence:—

- (a) The fellow is a thief, and any one has a right to stop him.
- (b) Get down or my horse shall be upon you in a moment.
- (c) Do you mean to submit to such a piece of roguery quietly?
- (d) I rode nearly a mile without obtaining a glimpse of the fellow.
- (e) The fellow hearing the thunder of the horse's hoofs behind him, drew up on one side of the road.

8. HEREWARD AT WILLIAM'S COURT

[This is an extract from *Charles Kingsley's* historical novel *Hereward the Wake*. Hereward was the second son of Earl Leofric and Lady Godiva. He was accused of robbing a priest, and was outlawed. So he went out to seek his fortunes, and had many strange adventures. When William, Duke of Normandy, conquered England, Hereward and his followers held out for a long time in the Isle of Ely, a region of fens and morasses, and defied the power of the Conqueror. Ere long, William attacked Ely but his first attempts failed. Soon afterwards he again laid siege to Ely, and while the siege was going on, Hereward had many adventures among William and his Normans. One such exploit is told in this selection. Disguised as a potter, Hereward went to Brandon where William held his court. He obtained a night's lodging in a witch's hut, and learnt that William was preparing to attack Ely for a second time. Next morning Hereward boldly entered William's court carrying his pots on his back. The scullions called him into the kitchen to see his pots. A knight noticed that the potter closely resembled Hereward the Wake and took him to the Hall where he was examined by Ivo Taillebois and Earl Warrenne. Hereward played his part well. Then the Earl ordered that the potter should be taken into the kitchen and fed.]

I

Earl Warrenne's commands to feed him were construed by the cook-boys and scullions into a command to make him drunk likewise. To make a laughing-stock of an Englishman was too tempting a jest to be resisted; and Hereward was drenched—says the chronicler—with wine and beer, and sorely baited and badgered. At last one rascal hit upon a notable plan.

“Pluck out the English hog's hair and beard,

and put him blindfold in the midst of his pots, and see what a smash we shall have."

Hereward pretended not to understand the words, which were spoken in French; but when they were interpreted to him, he grew somewhat red about the ears.

Submit he would not. But if he defended himself, and made an uproar in the king's court, he might very likely find himself riding Odin's horse before the hour was out. However, for him, the wine and beer had made him stout of heart, and happily when one fellow laid hold of his beard, he resisted sturdily.

The man struck him, and that hard. Hereward, hot of temper, and careless of life, struck him again, right under the ear.

The fellow dropped for dead.

Up leapt cook-boys, scullions, *lecheurs*, (who hung about the kitchen to *lecher*, lick the platters,) and all the foul-mouthed rascality of a great mediæval household, and attacked Hereward *cum furcis et tridentibus*, with forks and fleshhooks.

Then was Hereward aware of a great broach, or spit, before the fire; and recollecting how he had used such a one as a boy against the monks of Peterborough, was minded to use it against the cooks of Brandon; which he did so heartily, that in a few moments he had killed one, and driven the others backward in a heap.

But his case was hopeless. He was soon overpowered by numbers from outside, and dragged into the hall, to receive judgment for the mortal crime of slaying a man within the precincts of the Court.

He kept up heart. He knew that the king was there; he knew that he should most likely get justice from the king. If not, he could but discover himself, and so save his life, for that William would kill him willingly, he did not believe.

So he went in boldly and willingly, and up the hall, where, on the dais, stood William the Norman.

William had finished his luncheon, and was standing at the board-side. A page held water in a silver basin, in which he was washing his hands. Two more knelt, and laced his long boots; for he was, as always, going a-hunting.

Then Hereward looked at the face of the great man and felt at once that it was the face of the greatest man whom he had ever met.

"I am not that man's match," said he to himself. "Perhaps it will all end in being his man, and he my master."

II

"Silence, knaves," said William, "and speak one of you at a time. How came this?"

"A likely story, forsooth?" said he, when he had heard. "A poor English potter comes into

my court, and murders my men under my very eyes for mere sport. I do not believe you, rascals! You, churl," and he spoke through an English interpreter, "tell me your tale, and justice you shall have or take, as you deserve. I am the King of England, man, and I know your tongue, though I speak it not yet, more pity."

Hereward fell on his knees.

"If you are indeed my lord the king, then I am safe; for there is justice in you: at least so all men say." And he told his tale manfully.

"*Splendeur Dex!* but this is a far likelier story, and I believe it. Hark you, you ruffians! Here am I, trying to conciliate these English by justice and mercy, whenever they will let me: and here are you outraging them, and driving them mad and desperate, just that you may get a handle against them, and thus rob the poor wretches and drive them into the forest. From the lowest to the highest—from Ivo Taillebois there, down to you cook-boys—you are all at the same game. And I will stop it! The next time I hear of outrage to unarmed man or harmless woman, I will hang that culprit, were he Odo my brother himself."

This excellent speech was enforced with oaths so strange and terrible, that Ivo Taillebois shook in his boots; and the chaplain prayed fervently that the roof might not fall in on their heads.

"Thou smilest, man?" said William, quickly, to

the kneeling Hereward. "So thou understandest French?"

"A few words only, most gracious king, which we potters pick up, wandering everywhere with our wares," said Hereward, speaking in French; for so keen was William's eye, that he thought it safer to play no tricks with him.

Nevertheless, he made his French so execrable, that the very scullions grinned, in spite of their fear.

"Look you," said William, "you are no common churl; you have fought too well for that. Let me see your arm."

Hereward drew up his sleeve.

"Potters do not carry sword-scars like those; neither are they tattooed like English Thanes. Hold up thy head, man, and let us see thy throat."

Hereward, who had carefully hung down his head to prevent his throat-patterns being seen, was forced to lift it up.

"Aha! So I expected. There is fair ladies' work there. Is not this he who was said to be so like Hereward? Very good. Put him in ward till I come back from hunting. But do him no harm. For"—and William fixed on Hereward eyes of the most intense intelligence—"were he Hereward himself, I should be right glad to see Hereward safe and sound; my man at last, and earl of all between Humber and the Fens."

But Hereward did not rise at the bait. With a face of stupid and ludicrous terror, he made reply in broken French.

"Have mercy, mercy, Lord King! Make not that fiend earl over us. Even Ivo Taillebois there would be better than he. Send him to be earl over the imps in hell, or over the wild Welsh who are worse still: but not over us, good Lord King, whom he hath polled and peeled till we are—"

"Silence!" said William, laughing, as did all round him. "Thou art a cunning rogue enough, whoever thou art. Go into limbo, and behave thyself till I come back."

"All saints send your grace good sport, and thereby me a good deliverance," quoth Hereward, who knew that his fate might depend on the temper in which William returned. So he was thrust into an outhouse, and there locked up.

III

He sat on an empty barrel, meditating on the chances of his submitting to the king after all, when the door opened, and in strode one with a drawn sword in one hand, and a pair of leg-shackles in the other.

"Hold out thy shins, fellow! Thou art not going to sit at thine ease there like an abbot, after killing one of us grooms, and bringing the rest of us into disgrace. Hold out thy legs, I say!"

"Nothing easier," quoth Hereward cheerfully, and held out a leg. But when the man stooped to put on the fetters, he received a kick which sent him staggering.

After which he recollected very little, at least in this world. For Hereward cut off his head with his own sword.

After which (says the chronicler) he broke away out of the house, and over garden-walls and palings, hiding and running, till he got to the front gate, and leaped upon mare Swallow.

And none saw him, save one unlucky groom-boy who stood yelling and cursing in front of the mare's head, and went to seize her bridle.

Whereon, between the imminent danger, and the bad language, Hereward's blood rose, and he smote that unlucky groom-boy; but whether he slew him or not, the chronicler had rather not say.

Then he shook up mare Swallow, and with one great shout of "A Wake! A Wake!" rode for his life, with knights and squires (for the hue and cry was raised) galloping at her heels.

—C. Kingsley.

NOTES

I

Construed, understood, interpreted.

laughing-stock, object of ridicule.

baited and badgered, teased and tormented.

smash, noise of pots breaking.

ride Odin's horse, hang on the gallows.

dropped for dead, fell down like one dead.

foul-mouthed rascality etc., rascals who used filthy language and who formed the household of a man of rank in the middle Ages.

was aware of, saw.

precincts, limits.

in a heap, in a confused crowd.

kept up heart, was not at all afraid.

discover, reveal.

II

match, equal.

his man, his vassal.

forsooth, truly.

for mere sport, in sheer playfulness, without any provocation.

have or take justice, i.e., be let off if innocent, and punished if guilty; in any case, justice will be done to you.

more pity, the greater is the pity; I am sorry to say it.

Splendeur Dex, a favourite oath of William; by the splendour of God.'

outraging, violating their rights and subjecting them to insult.

handle, pretext, or excuse (to rob or murder the English).

at the same game, doing the same thing; playing the same dodge.

shook in his boots, trembled with fear.

roof might not fall etc., i.e., as God's punishment for the blasphemous language used by the king.

execrable, abominable, wretched.

tattoo, an indelible coloured figure marked on the skin.

Thane, a free man, in rank below the hereditary nobility.

in ward, in safe custody.

eyes of the most intense intelligence, a significant look to indicate that he had guessed his secret.

did not rise to the bait, was not tempted by the flattering offer of the earldom.

polled and peeled, murdered and robbed us of everything.
behave yourself, conduct yourself properly.
good deliverance, i.e., if the king had a good day's sport, he might, in his good humour, let him off with light punishment.

III

strode, walked with long paces.
leg-shackles, fetters for the legs.
staggering, reeling (with the effect of the kick).
palings, fences. *yelling*, shouting loudly.
between, partly because of. *imminent*, threatening.
had rather not say, prefer not to say.
shook up, stirred to action.
rode for his life, rode at top speed to save his life.
hue and cry, a loud outcry with which criminals were formerly pursued; all who heard it were obliged to take it up and join in the pursuit.
A Wake, the watchful; a permanent epithet to Hereward.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in not more than two sentences :—

(a) How did the scullions try to make a laughing-stock of Hereward? (b) What was the mortal crime of which Hereward found himself guilty? (c) Why was Hereward confident of escaping with his life? (d) What did Hereward think within himself when he saw William? (e) How did William rebuke his followers when he heard the potter's story? (f) Why did William suspect the potter? How was his suspicion confirmed? (g) What was William's bait, and how did Hereward react to it? (h) How did Hereward escape from the out-house where he was imprisoned?

2. Write a connected account, in about 15 lines, of all that happened to Hereward from the time he was called into the kitchen by the scullions up to his meeting William.

Hints: Suspected by a knight — taken into the hall — examined by Earl Warrenne — sent into the kitchen to be fed — teased by the scullions — is hit and hits back — attacked by scullions — one killed and the rest flee — overpowered by numbers — taken before the king.

3. Describe in a few well-defined paragraphs not exceeding 25 lines, the meeting between William and Hereward at the court of Brandon:—

Hints: Story of the cook-boys unlikely — potter's tale believed — the king's rebuke of his followers — William's suspicion aroused — how strengthened? — William's bait — how Hereward replied? — safe custody.

4. Describe, in a paragraph of 10 lines and in Hereward's own words, how he escaped from the outhouse where he was imprisoned.

5. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own bringing out their correct meaning:—

Make a laughing-stock of; hit upon; ride Odin's horse; keep up heart; to be one's match; outrage; conciliate; get a handle against one; shake in one's shoes; rise at the bait; imminent; hue and cry.

6. Punctuate writing capitals where necessary:—*what so i expected there is fair ladies work there is not this he who was said to be so like hereward very good put him in ward till i come back from hunting but do him no harm for and william fixed on hereward eyes of the most intense intelligence were he hereward himself i should be right glad to see hereward safe and sound my man at last and earl of all between humber and the fens.*

7. Analyse into clauses, and give the kind and construc-

tion of each :—Then was Hereward aware of a great breach
.....backward in a heap.

8. Combine each of the following groups of sentences as directed :—

(a) Hereward was hot of temper. He was careless of life. He struck him again. He struck him right under the ear. (Turn into a simple sentence.)

(b) The man stooped to put on the fetters. Then he received a kick. The kick sent him staggering. (Turn into a complex sentence.)

(c) He was my school-fellow. He has become a great man. He has become proud. He forgets his old friends. (Turn into a double sentence.)

9. Rewrite as directed :—

(a) To make a laughing-stock of an Englishman was too tempting a jest to be resisted. (Turn into a complex sentence.)

(b) Pluck out the English hog's hair and beard, and put him blindfold in the midst of his pots, and see what a smash we shall have. (Put the verbs in the passive voice.)

(c) He knew that he should most *likely* get justice from the king. (Use the noun form of the italicized word.)

(d) It was the face of the *greatest* man whom he had ever met. (Use the other degrees of comparison.)

(e) Is not this he who was said to be so like Hereward? (Turn into an assertive sentence.)

9. THE PICKWICK PAPERS

[This selection is taken from Chapter XXX, of *The Pickwick Papers*, the greatest novel of *Charles Dickens*. It has no plot. It is a mere record of the various adventures of Mr. Pickwick and his three companions, Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle. Samuel Pickwick, Esq., was the General Chairman of the Pickwick Club, and he and his three friends formed the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club "to forward from time to time, authenticated reports of their journeys and investigations, of their observations of characters and manners, and of the whole of their adventures, together with all tales and papers to which local scenery or associations may give rise, to the Pickwick Club, stationed in London." These form the subject matter of the Pickwick Papers.

Mr. Pickwick is a pompous gentleman, round of form, with bald head and circular spectacles. Mr. Tupman is of a romantic disposition, and is a great admirer of the fair sex. Mr. Snodgrass is a poet. Mr. Winkle passes for a sportsman. Sam Weller is the servant of Mr. Pickwick, bubbling with cockney art and humour.

At Rochester, Mr. Pickwick and his friends make the acquaintance of an old country gentleman named Wardle who invites them to spend Christmas at Dingley Dell, his country home. Wardle has two daughters, Isabella and Emily. Miss Arabella Allen is a Christmas guest. Her brother Benjamin Allen and Bob Sawyer his friend, both medical students, arrive for the Christmas holidays, and make the acquaintance of the Pickwickians. Here Mr. Winkle falls in love with Miss Arabella.

The extract is very humorous, and it may be noted that exaggeration is the foundation of Dicken's humour.]

I

MR. WINKLE ON SKATES

"Now," said Wardle, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I-I-am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was 'elegant', and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was 'swan-like.'

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more downstairs: whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies: which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin' ? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He

beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

—Charles Dickens.

NOTES

An hour on the ice, spending an hour, skating, sliding on the ice and enjoying ourselves.

plenty of time, i.e., before dinner.

capital, prime, first-rate, excellent.

skates, a pair of implements, each with a steel-blade to be screwed or strapped to the sole of the boots, enabling the wearer to glide in curves over ice.

over-ruled, not allowed.

the fat boy, servant of Mr. Wardle whose strong points were eating and sleeping. He could sleep even while eating.

exquisite, acute, intense; used in reference to pain or pleasure.

devices, designs, figures; a good skater can cut all kinds of figures or patterns on the ice.

pitch, degree.

mystic evolutions, wild, outlandish whirls and turns.

reel, a lively Scottish dance.

gimlet, tool for boring hole; used to screw the skates to the sole of the boots.

straps, pieces of leather with buckles to fasten the skates to the boots.

demonstration, show. *frantic*, mad, desperate.

afeerd, afraid. *orkard*, awkward.

anything the matter, anything wrong.

Christmas-box, a closed box with an opening for putting in coins for servants at Christmas; hence, a present of money at Christmas.

get in the way of it, learn to manage it.

administered a considerable impetus, gave a vigorous push.

spasmodic, fitful. *lineament*, feature.

bleed you, formerly bleeding was a favourite cure for all diseases.

remonstrated, protested.

humbug, impostor, a fraud or cheat; for he had pretended that he was able to skate to gain the good opinion of the company.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—

What was the Pickwick Club? Who are the members of the Pickwick Club mentioned in this lesson? Why did

Mr. Winkle say he knew skating though he was ignorant of it ? How did he try to excuse himself ? How was he finally persuaded to skate ? What were the skilful skaters doing on the ice ? How did Mr. Winkle betray his ignorance of skating at the outset ? How did Mr. Winkle try to keep Sam Weller by his side ? What happened when Sam was called away ? Why did Mr. Winkle not rise to his feet after the mishap ? Why did he try to smile though he really suffered much ? Why did Benjamin Allen offer to bleed him ? How did Mr. Pickwick sum up the situation ?

2. Describe in the words of Mr. Winkle his mishap on the ice.

3. Write sentences of your own to bring out the correct meaning of the following words :—

Exquisite, overrule, dexterity, mystic, mysterious, demonstration, frantic, impetus, unparalleled, spasmodic, ghastly, remonstrate, emphatic, awkward.

4. Turn the following passage into Indirect Speech:—

"These — these — are very awkward skates, ain't they, Sam ?" enquired Mr. Winkle.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle, come ; the ladies are all anxiety," cried Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller.

"I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

5. Point out the force of the italicized words in the following sentences:—

(a) I am *rather* out of practice. (b) Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle. (c) Oh, it is *so* graceful. (d) Old Wardle led the way

to a *pretty* large sheet of ice. (e) It reached a pitch of *positive* enthusiasm. (f) Assisted by the *aforesaid* Bob Sawyer, they performed some mystic evolutions. (g) The ladies are *all anxiety*.

6. Put the verbs in the following sentences in the Active Voice:—

(a) This objection was at once over-ruled. (b) The unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet. (c) Mr. Winkle was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller. (d) This command was not to be resisted.

7. (a) Use the verb forms of the italicized words in the following sentences:—

i. Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite *delight*.

ii. Mr. Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which was perfectly *marvellous*.

iii. This last observation bore *reference* to a demonstration which Mr. Winkle made at the instant.

iv. With a ghastly *smile* Mr. Winkle said, 'I am coming.'

(b) Give adjectives from: hour, time, night, dexterity, enthusiasm, spasm, fraud, objection.

(c) Give adverbs from: violence, instant, frantic, anxiety, centre, hurry, accuracy, satisfaction.

8. Punctuate the following passage writing capitals where necessary:—

are you hurt inquired mr benjamin allen with great anxiety not much said mr winkle rubbing his back very hard i wish youd let me bleed you said mr benjamin with great eagerness no thank you replied mr winkle hurriedly I really think you had better said allen thank you replied mr winkle Id rather not what do you think mr pickwick inquired bob sawyer

9. Rewrite as directed:—

(a) Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable. (Turn into a simple sentence)

(b) How slippery it is, Sam ! (Turn into an assertive sentence.)

(c) Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. (Turn into a complex sentence.)

(d) "Don't you hear the governor a-calling ?" (Write as a statement.)

(e) "I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em." (Write in good and correctly spelt English.)

II

MR. PICKWICK ON THE ICE

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy-sliding which is currently denominated 'knocking at the cobbler's door,' and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh do please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat: took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a boilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as

eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor: his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice

disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness: while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment, that a face, head, and shoulders, emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that if

Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so, for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under

the guidance of Mr. Weller: presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in glowing colours to the old lady's mind, when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honour of his safety.

—*Dickens.*

NOTES

Sentiment, opinion.

cut out a slide, prepare a surface of ice for rapid sliding. A track is made by taking a quick run, then gliding with both feet together over the ice; this is repeated several times over the same track; and a slide as smooth as glass is produced, down which one may glide at great speed.

fancy-sliding, very skilful trickish sliding.

currently, in ordinary language, colloquially.

denominated, called.

postman's knock, double knock; postmen in England give a rapid double knock on the door to announce their coming.

indefatigable, unwearied.

complicated problems, figures of 8 and other geometrical figures; 'mystic evolutions'.

gutters, drains on either side of the street to take off rain water.

impetuosity, rashness.

came very close upon, came very near striking against Sam and overturning him.

beat.....nothing, left the fat boy far behind.

balked himself, pulled up, as he made false starts.

keep the pot a boiling, 'carry on'; 'don't leave off', 'don't miss your turn.'

expedition, speed. *hazard*, risk, danger.

tripping, causing to stumble and fall down. *mantled*, spread.

gaiters, leggings; woollen or leather covering for legs, from knee to ankle.

tripping, running lightly. *invigorating*, lively, cheering.

ardour, zeal. *abate*, diminish.

frenzied, wildly excited.

catastrophe, great calamity or misfortune.

adjuration, earnest entreaty.

bore testimony to, was proof of.

singular phenomenon, curious spectacle.

skimming, running very fast.

Manor Farm, Winkle's home.

unalterable conviction, unshakable belief.

in glowing colours, very vividly.

snug, comfortable. *carouse*, a drinking party.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

Why did Mr. Pickwick envy Sam and the fat boy who were sliding? How is 'knocking at the cobbler's door' done on the ice? How did Mr. Wardle exercise himself on the ice? Why was Mr. Pickwick doubtful of his ability to slide? What is the main trait in the character of Mr. Wardle? How did Mr. Pickwick start sliding? How did he go down the slide? How did the party keep the pot boiling? What misfortune befell Mr. Pickwick? How did Mr. Pickwick's friends help? What did Benjamin Allen and Bob Sawyer do at the moment? What was Mr. Winkle's adjuration to Mr. Pickwick? Why was it rather unnecessary? How were the fears of the spectators relieved? How did the ladies assist? How did Mr. Pickwick avoid catching cold? How was Mr. Pickwick's escape celebrated?

2. Describe in a paragraph of about 10 lines the accident that befell Mr. Pickwick on the ice:—

Recall words: Sport at its height—sharp crack—Pickwick disappears—screams—Snodgrass and Winkle gazing at the spot—how Tupman helps—hole cautiously approached—Pickwick's head above water—fat boy's information—prodigies of valour.

3. Write a short paragraph on 'Ice'.

4. Use the following words and phrases in your own sentences :—

by reason of; indefatigable; afford; keep one company; keep the pot boiling; gain upon; imminent hazard; by way of; adjuration; bear testimony to; catch one's death of; at the top of one's speed; used to (accustomed); in glowing colours.

5. Give the kind and construction of the subordinate clauses in the following sentences :—

(a) They ran after each other with as much speed as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition. (b) When he was knocked down, it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him. (c) The sport was at its height when a sharp, smart crack was heard. (d) It was at this moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water. (e) This was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see. (f) The probability was that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so, for his own.

6. Combine each of the following pairs of sentences into a complex sentence:—

(a) I fell upon my back. I could not get on my feet at first. (b) There was grace and warmth in the motion. Mr. Pickwick could not help envying it. (c) I used to do so in the gutters. I was then a boy. (d) He reached the door of Manor Farm. Mr. Tupman had arrived there some minutes before. (e) The time was six o'clock. The accident to Mr. Pickwick happened then.

7. In the following sentences use the correct tense of the verbs given within brackets:—

(a) I (be) very happy to afford you any amusement. (b) They gazed at the spot where their leader (go) down. (c) I not (do) such a thing these thirty years. (d) A playful smile mantled his face when he (accomplish) the distance. (e) I went to his house in order that I (tell) him all that (happen).

8. Correct the following sentences:—

(a) Who do you think I met this morning? (b) Whom do you think is the better of the two boys? (c) He is one of those who interferes in such matters. (d) I would not do it if I were him. (e) Wardle with Sam Weller were approaching the hole. (f) There was present Mr. Wardle, Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen.

10. OLIVER TWIST IN THE WORKHOUSE

[This is an extract from *Oliver Twist*, a novel by *Charles Dickens*. In this novel Dickens exposed the abuses in the administration of workhouses, and his book did a great deal to bring about a more humane system of management. Oliver Twist was born in the workhouse, and his mother died the same night. The parish authorities could not discover who his parents were. Oliver was brought up in a branch workhouse managed by Mrs. Mann until he was nine years old. Then he was removed to the main workhouse.]

Oliver had not been within the walls of the workhouse a quarter of an hour, and had scarcely completed the demolition of a second slice of bread, when Mr. Bumble, who had handed him over to the care of an old woman, returned ; and, telling him it was a Board night, informed him that the Board had said he was to appear before it forthwith.

Not having a very clearly defined notion of what a live Board was, Oliver was rather astounded by this intelligence, and was not quite certain whether he ought to laugh or cry. He had no time to think about the matter, however ; for Mr. Bumble gave him a tap on the head with his cane to wake him up : and another on the back to make him lively : and bidding him follow, conducted him into a large whitewashed room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table. At the top of the table, seated in an arm-chair rather higher than the rest, was a particularly fat gentleman with a very round,

red face. "Bow to the Board," said Bumble. Oliver brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in his eyes; and seeing no board but the table, fortunately bowed to that.

"What's your name, boy?" said the gentleman in the high chair.

Oliver was frightened at the sight of so many gentlemen, which made him tremble: and the beadle gave him another tap behind, which made him cry. These two causes made him answer in a very low and hesitating voice; whereupon a gentleman in a white waistcoat said he was a fool—which was a capital way of raising his spirits, and putting him quite at his ease.

"Boy," said the gentleman in the high chair, "listen to me. You know you're an orphan, I suppose?"

"What's that, sir?" inquired poor Oliver.

"The boy *is* a fool—I thought he was," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Hush!" said the gentleman who had spoken first. "You know you've got no father or mother, and that you were brought up by the parish, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat. And to be sure it was very extraordinary. What *could* the boy be crying for?

"I hope you say your prayers every night," said another gentleman in a gruff voice, "and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you—like a Christian."

"Yes, sir," stammered the boy.

"Well! You have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade," said the red-faced gentleman in the high chair.

"So you'll begin to pick oakum to-morrow morning at six o'clock," added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward: where, on a rough, hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a noble illustration of the tender laws of England! They let the paupers go to sleep!

The room in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at mealtimes. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more—except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again.

Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months. At last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one

boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cookshop), hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held! Lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; and the gruel was served out. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered to each other, and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbour nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity.

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder, the boys with fear.

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms, and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The Board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said :

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more."

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For *More!*" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hanged," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hanged."

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who

wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

—C. Dickens.
(Adapted)

NOTES

Within the walls of the workhouse, Oliver had just been removed to the workhouse from the branch.
demolition, eating.

Mr. Bumble, the beadle; a sort of policeman whose duties were confined to the workhouse.

the Board, the Committee in charge of the workhouse.

Board night, a night in which the Committee or Board of Guardians met to transact the business of the Workhouse.

forthwith, immediately. *astounded*, amazed.

intelligence, news. *tap*, light blow.

parish, a small district under the immediate care of the vicar of the Parish Church. Each parish had to maintain its own workhouse or poor house where the poor, the aged, the infirm, vagrants, and orphan children were kept at public expense.

pick oakum, pick old ropes to pieces; formerly a common task of convicts and paupers.

gruel, liquid food; oatmeal etc., boiled in water.

voracious, ravenous; greedy in eating.

darkly, secretly. *implicitly*, absolutely

nudged, pushed slightly with elbow to draw attention privately.

temerity, boldness. *stupefied*, deprived of reasoning power.

pinioned, bound. *conclave*, assembly; meeting.

depicted, expressed.

dietary, list showing allowance of food to each person.

controverted, disputed.

apprentice, learner of a craft, bound to serve and entitled to instruction from his employer for a specified term.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in not more than two sentences:—

(a) Why was Mr. Bumble so unkind to Oliver? (b) What made Oliver answer in a low and hesitating voice to the Chairman of the Board? (c) How did the gentlemen of the Board treat Oliver? Why? (d) What was the allowance of food to each person in the workhouse? (e) Why were the boys kept short of food in the workhouse? (f) What was the attitude of the parish authorities towards the workhouse?

2. Write the answers to the following questions in one connected paragraph:—

Why did Oliver ask for more? What effect had this bold request on the master and his assistants? What did the master do upon this? How did the Board come to know of this? What was the effect of the news on the Board? What was the prophetic gentleman's opinion of Oliver? What did the Board finally decide to do in the matter?

3. Imagine yourself to be Oliver Twist and narrate the circumstances under which you were obliged to ask for more.

4. (a) In this lesson you will find that Dickens indulges in irony. Find out one or two examples.

(b) Can you find out one or two instances of the humour of Dickens?

5. Frame new sentences using the following words and phrases:—forthwith; hand over; raise one's spirits; put a person at his ease; to be brought up; per diem; desperate; turn pale; compose oneself; controvert; temerity.

6. Report the following passage in the Indirect Speech:—

"Boy," said the gentleman in the high chair, "listen to me. You know you're an orphan, I suppose?"

"What's that, sir?" inquired poor Oliver.

"The boy is a fool—I thought he was," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

"Hush!" said the gentleman who had spoken first
 "You know you've got no father or mother, and that you
 were brought up by the parish, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" inquired the gentleman in
 the white waistcoat.

7. Analyse into clauses:—

At last they got so voracious and wild with hunger.....of
 tender age.

8. Insert appropriate prepositions in the blank spaces
 below:—

(a) Mr. Bumble handed him over—the care of an old
 woman. (b) Oliver was frightened—the sight of so many
 gentlemen. (c) I put him—his case; (d) What are you crying—?
 (e) He was alarmed—his own temerity.

9. Rewrite as directed:—

(a) Mr. Bumble, telling him it was a Board night
 informed him that the Board had said he was to appear before
 it forthwith. (Put into Direct Speech.)

(b) What a noble illustration of the tender laws of
 England! (Turn into an assertive sentence.)

(c) Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger.
 (Turn into a simple sentence.)

(d) Do I understand that he asked for more? (Turn
 into a statement.)

(e) They *implicitly* believed him. (Use the adj. form of
 the italicized word.)

10. Insert suitable articles in the blank spaces below:—

(a) Oliver had not been within—walls of—workhouse—
 quarter of—hour, and had scarcely completed—demolition
 of—second slice of bread, when Mr. Bumble who had handed
 him over to—care of—old woman, returned.

(b)—room in which—boys were fed was—large stone
 hall with—copper at one end, out of which—master dressed
 in—apron for—purpose, ladled—gruel at mealtimes.

12. A TIGER HUNT

[This is an extract from *The Confessions of a Thug* by Meadows Taylor. Amir Khan is the hero of the story which he himself tells. He was not a Thug by birth. His father was a high official in the Indore state. When he was only five years old, his parents were murdered before his very eyes by the Thugs. Ismail Khan, prominent leader of the Thugs, brought him up and adopted him as his son. Though a ferocious Thug, Ismail Khan passed for an honest and prosperous cloth merchant. This extract describes a tiger hunt in which Amir Khan, a mere lad of eighteen, attacked a savage tiger single-handed and laid it low.]

It happened, a day or two after the conversation with my father which I have related, that a tigress with a cub came into a small tract of jungle which lay near our village; the first day she was seen she killed a shepherd, the second day another man who had gone to look for his body, and the third she grievously wounded the patail of the village, a man who was held in universal estimation, and he died during the night. A general meeting of the villagers was held at the place set apart for deliberations, and it was determined that all the active men should proceed in a body and attack the beast in her lair. The next morning we all assembled before daybreak. There was one man, a huge, large-whiskered and bearded pathan, who volunteered to be our leader; he was literally hardly able to move for the weapons he had about him. Two swords were in his belt, which also contained an assortment of daggers of various sizes and shapes; a long straight

two-edged sword hung over his left shoulder, the point of which nearly touched the ground; he had also a shield across his back, and in his right hand a matchlock with the match lighted. He addressed my father as we came up.

"*Salaam aleikoom* ! Ismail Sahib," said he, "is a quiet person like you coming out with us, and the Sahib Zadah too?"

"Yes, Khan," replied my father, "it is incumbent on all good men to do their utmost in a case of need like this; who knows, if the brute is not killed, but that some one else may become food for it?"

"Inshalla!" said the Khan, twisting up his moustachios and surveying himself, "we have determined that the beast dies to-day. Many a tiger has fallen from a shot from my good gun; and what is this brute that it should escape? The only fear is, that it will not stand to allow us to prove that we are men, and not dogs before it."

"As to that," said my father, "we must take our chance; but say, Khan, how will you move with all those weapons about you? Why, you could not run away, were she to rush out."

"Run away!" cried the Khan. "What are you thinking of this morning, to suppose that Dildar Khan ever turned from anything in his life? Only let it come out, I say, and you will see what use the weapons will be! Trust to me single-handed to finish it. First I shall shoot it with my matchlock;

it will be wounded; then I will advance on it thus," said he, drawing the long sword and flourishing it, at the same time twirling round and round, and leaping in every possible direction.

"There!" said he quite out of breath, "there! would not that have finished it? Why, I am a perfect Roostum in matters of this kind; and killing a tiger is only child's play to Dildar Khan! Why, I could eat one, tail and all. But come along, and when the play begins, let no one come in Dildar Khan's way," said he to the assembled group, "for, Inshalla! I mean to show you poor ignorant people how a tiger can be killed by a single man."

"I know the Khan to be as arrant a coward as ever breathed," said my father to me; "but come, let us see what he will do, for I confess I am anxious to behold him capering before the tigress."

"By Alla!" said I, "if he does perform such antics, the brute will dine on him to a certainty."

"That is no concern of ours," said my father, "it is a matter of destiny; but I would venture a great deal, he never goes within an arrow's flight of her."

We all set out headed by Dildar Khan, who still flourished his long sword, holding his matchlock in his left hand, now and then smoothing up his moustachios, which grew, or had been trained to stick upwards from his lips, and reached

nearly to his eyes. We soon reached the jungle and on entering it, I thought the Khan showed signs of fear.

"The beast can be but a panther after all," said he, "and it is hardly worth the while of Dildar Khan to put himself to trouble. See, boys," continued he to some of us, "I will wait here; if it should really turn out to be a tiger, you can let me know, and I will come and kill it."

Against this, however, we all protested, and declared that all would go wrong without him; and after some demur he again proceeded.

"I told you," said my father, "how it would be; but let us see how he will end the affair."

We went on till some bones and torn clothes, and the head of one of the unfortunate men who had been killed, lying near a bush, proved very plainly that the animal was not far off; and at these the Khan showed fresh signs of fear.

"They say it is a *purrut bagh*," said he, "and that it is proof against shot. Why should we risk our lives in contention with the devil?"

"Nay, Khan," said a young dare-devil lad, the scamp of the village, "you are joking, who ever heard of a *purrut bagh* that was a female?"

"Peace!" cried the Khan, "be not irreverent. Do we not all know that *purrut baghs* can be created? *Mashalla!* did I not see one near Asseer-gurh, which a fakir had made, and turned loose

on the country, because they would not supply him with a virgin from every village?"

"What was it like?" cried a dozen of us; and for a moment the real tigress was forgotten.

"Like!" said the Khan, rubbing up his moustachios with one hand, and pressing down his waistband with the other, "like! why it had a head twice the size of any other tiger, and teeth each a cubit long, and eyes red as coals, which looked like torches at night; and it had no tail, and—"

But here he was stopped short, and our laughter too, by a loud roar from a short distance; and a moment afterwards, the tigress and a half-grown cub, rushed past us with their tails in the air.

"Well, Khan," said the lad before mentioned, "that is no purrut bagh at any rate. Did you not see the tail of the big one, how she shook it at you?"

"I represent," said he, "that, tail or no tail, it holds the accursed soul of that wretch Yacoob; may his grave be defiled! and I will have nothing to do with it; it is useless to try to kill the Shitan; if he choose, you know, he could blow us all into hell with a breath."

"*Namurd! namurd!* coward! coward!" cried some of us; "you were brave in the village; how are you now?"

"Who calls me *namurd*?" roared the Khan; "follow me, and see if I am one or not," and he

rushed forward, but not in the direction the tigress had gone.

"That is not the way," cried some, and at last he turned.

"This is child's play," said my father; "come, if we are to do anything, we had better set about it in good earnest."

And we went on in the direction the beast had taken.

It led to an open glade, at one side of which there was a large rock, with some very thick bushes upon it.

"She is there, depend upon it," said an old hunter, "I never saw a more likely place in my life."

We were all about thirty steps from the rock and bushes, and Dildar Khan did not at all relish his proximity to them.

"I beg to represent," said he in a low voice to us all, "that having killed so many of these brutes, I know best how to manage them, and, as I am the best armed of the party, I shall take up my position near yonder bush, by which runs the pathway; she will take to it when she is driven out, and then you will see the reception she will meet with from Dildar Khan. *Inshalla!* I shall present the point of my sword to her, and she will run on it, then I shall finish her with one blow of my *tegha*."

We all looked in the direction he pointed, and sure enough there was a bush, about two hundred paces off, on the pathway to the village.

"Not that one surely," said my father; "why, man, you will never see the beast from thence."

"Trust me," said the Khan, and off he went.

"I told you how it would be," continued my father, "directly he sees the animal, he will be off down the road as fast as he can. But come," said he to the men, "since the Khan thinks he will be of more use down yonder, I will lead you on, and we will see whether this eater of men cannot be got out."

We were immediately divided into three parties, one to go on either side of the bushes, the other by a circuit to get behind the rock and if possible upon it, in order to shoot her from above if she was to be seen; if not, at any rate to dislodge her by throwing stones. The arrangements were quickly completed, and though we were all within only a few yards of the bushes, there was no sign of the tigress. She expressed no displeasure at our near approach or preparations, as she had been disturbed before, and of course could not easily be driven out of her place of refuge. I was with one of the parties on the side, and had no arms but a sword and a light shield; indeed, I had gone more as a spectator than aught else. We waited a few minutes, and one of the party who had been sent round, appeared on the top of the rock; he was soon followed by three others.

"Are you all ready?" cried one of them; "I shall heave down this stone."

"*Bismillah!* Away with it!" cried my father.

Three of them applied their strength to it, and at last it rolled over the face of the rock, and thundering down, split into a thousand fragments. There was a moment of intense anxiety and suspense, but no tigress followed.

"Try whether you cannot see her," cried my father; "if you do, fire; we are all prepared."

The men looked down in every direction, but said nothing. At last one of them was observed to be pointing to a particular spot, as though he showed the others something.

"By Allah!" said my father, "he sees her. Look out; she will rush forth before you are thinking of her."

Every man blew his match, and planted his feet firmly. At last one of the men on the rock raised his matchlock and fired; it was answered by a tremendous roar which rent the skies, and out rushed the cub, apparently badly wounded, for before he had come a few yards he lay down and roared horribly; he was fully half-grown, and made a dreadful noise. One of the men of our party fired at him, and he did not move after the shot struck him.

"Now we shall have tough work," said my father; "she will be savage and infuriated beyond description; it is hardly safe to be here; but mind your aim, my lads, and she will never reach us; I never yet missed mine, but the shot may not be fatal; so look out for yourselves."

Again my father called to the men on the rock to heave over another fragment. There was one, a very large one, just on the brink. After a good many pushes it gave way, and as the former had done, shivered into atoms with a great noise. It was successful; the tigress rushed out towards our side, and stood for a moment. I had never seen a tiger before, and could not help admiring her noble appearance. There she stood, her tail erect, the end of it only waving from side to side, glaring on us with her fearfully bright eyes, apparently irresolute as to what she would do, and not noticing the body of the cub, which was close to her. We were all as silent as death, each man with his matchlock to his shoulder. My father fired, and then the others; I could see the whole distinctly, for I had no gun. She staggered when my father fired, he had evidently hit her; but the rest had missed, and she charged with another tremendous roar, right at our party; but the shout we set up and the waving of our weapons turned her, and she set off at a low canter towards the bush where Dildar Khan had stationed himself.

"*Ya Alla!*" cried my father, "coward as he is, he will be killed! she will spare nothing now! what can be done?"

By this time the other party caught a glimpse of her, and every matchlock was discharged; she must have been hit again for she stopped, turned down, growled, and showed her teeth, but again sprang

forward. I imagine Dildar Khan had no idea that she was approaching him, as he had hidden himself behind the bush and could have seen nothing of what had passed. "He may escape," said my father; "it is possible yet scarcely; what can be done?" No one made a reply, but an instant afterwards I had drawn my sword, and set off at full speed after the enraged brute.

"Ameer Ali, my son! come back, come back instantly! Ya Alla, he too will perish!" cried my father in an agony of apprehension.

But I heeded not, and who of that company had my fleet foot? Yet some of them followed me. As I ran, I saw the tigress was weak, and was badly wounded, but still she ran fast. I saw her approach the bush, and the miserable man Dildar Khan rush from behind it, and stand in her very path, with his arms stretched out, apparently paralysed with fear. Another instant she had crouched as she ran, and sprang upon him; he was under her, and she fiercely tearing his body. It did not stop me; I heard the cries of those behind me to turn off, but I did not. I do not think I gave the danger a thought; if I did, the excitement overpowered it. Another bound had brought me close to the brute, whose head was down gnawing the body beneath her. I made but one stroke at her, which, praise be to God! was successful; the blade buried itself deep in the back of her neck, and she seemed to me to drop dead; I bounded

off to one side, and watched for a moment. She was indeed dead, and lay, her limbs only quivering, upon the body of the man beneath her. Unfortunate coward! wounded as she was, she would not have turned after him, had he even had the presence of mind to avoid her; but he had thought to fly, and the sight of the animal had paralysed his faculties. Though all passed in a moment, methinks now, sahib, I see him, his eyes starting from his head, and his arms raised and expanded, as though wooing the animal's fatal embrace. Coward! had he remained behind the bush, he was safe, and might have shot her as she passed: but there he lay, a fearful spectacle, his face all bitten and lacerated, and the blood pouring from wounds in his stomach! He was quite dead. My father came up immediately; he embraced me, and burst into tears.

"How could you risk your life, my boy?" said he; "how could you be so rashly venturous of your life for so poor a wretch as he?" pointing to the body; "did I not tell you he was a coward? Yet I am proud of you now, my son, and you have shamed us all. See!" continued he to the whole assembly, "our faces are blackened this day by a boy; who among you could have planted so well-aimed and deep a cut? See: the blade has buried itself, and is half through the bone, Mashalla! it is a brave boy!" and again my father hugged me to his breast.

—*Meadows Taylor.*

NOTES

Patail, headman.

place set apart etc., this was the village choultry or inn.

deliberations, discussion or consideration of affairs.

volunteered, offered himself.

literally, actually; without any exaggeration.

salaam aleikoom, a greeting; good morning to you. (may peace be to you.)

a quiet person, this was the general impression. He was a ferocious Thug, but he passed for a quiet, honest and prosperous cloth merchant.

Sahib Zadah, your honour's son.

my father, Ismail Khan, the leader of the Thugs brought up Amir Khan, whose parents were murdered by the Thugs, and adopted him as his son. The speaker is Amir Khan.

incumbent on, the duty of. *Inshalla*, please God.

Roostum, a famous Persian warrior.

child's play, easy work, requiring neither strength nor courage.

play begins, my action begins. i. e. when the hunt begins.

arrant, downright. *capering*, jumping about; frisking.

antics, grotesque or ludicrous movements.

concern, business. *protested*, expressed disapproval.

demur, objection.

purrut bagh, man changed into a tail-less tiger.

proof against shot, cannot be killed by gun-shot.

dare devil, reckless person.

scamp, a good-for-nothing fellow;

irreverent, disrespectful, impious.

Mashalla, God be praised!

Yacoob, a mad fakir whose soul was believed to have entered the purrut bagh.

namurd, coward. *tegha*, a short, crooked, heavy sword.

dislodge, drive her from her hiding place.

heave down, displace and push a heavy weight.

Bismillah, by God !

look out for yourselves, take care of yourselves.

irresolute, undecided. *at a low canter*, in an easy gallop.

Ya Alla, by Allah. *coward as he is*, though he is a coward.

glimpse, momentary view.

agony of apprehension, intense mental pain caused by his fear
for my safety.

paralysed, rendered motionless.

bounded off etc, leapt aside quickly.

paralysed his faculties, benumbed his powers.

he was safe, he would have been safe.

lacerated, torn to shreds.

be venturous of your life, risk your life.

shamed, put to shame. *hugged.....breast*, embraced me.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

(a) Where was the general meeting of the villagers held ? Why ? What was decided upon at the meeting ? Who volunteered to be the leader of the party ? How was he armed for the hunt ? What was his boast ? What did he promise to show to the villagers ?

(b) Refer to two occasions when Dildar Khan showed signs of fear. What is a purrut bagh ? How did Dildar Khan describe one ? Refer to one or two acts of Dildar Khan to prove that he was a coward. How did the party disturb the tigress from her lair ? How was the tigress killed ? What was the fate of Dildar Khan ? Why did Ismail Khan praise his son ?

2. Write the answers to the following questions in a connected paragraph :—

Who shot the tigress as she rushed out of her lair ? Was she hit ? What did she do ? How was she made to turn

from her course? Which way did she go? By whom was she hit again? What direction did the tigress now take? What did Dildar Khan do when he saw her? Why could he not save himself? What was his fate?

3. Find instances to prove that Dildar Khan was an arrant coward. (Refer to his sayings and doings.)

4. Pretend that you are the Sahib Zadah. Describe the tiger's lair, her appearance, and your chase to save Dildar Khan.

5. Write a connected account of the tiger hunt in a few paragraphs, not exceeding 25 lines of ordinary writing :—

Recall words : Three parties — one on either side of bushes — third on top of rock — huge piece of rock rolled down — no tigress — beast sighted — man on rock fires — cub shot dead — another rock heaved down — tigress rushes out — irresolute — Ismail Sahib fires — tigress hit — the charge — how turned — runs towards bush — Dildar Khan in the way — his fate — tigress killed — how.

6. Use the following words and phrases, each in a sentence of your own :—

Look for ; literally ; in a body ; assortment ; incumbent on ; do one's utmost ; single-handed ; child's play ; a perfect Roostum ; to a certainty ; an arrow's flight ; after all ; worth one's while ; proof against ; dare-devil ; to be turned loose on the country ; set about ; in good earnest ; look out ; apparently.

7. Transform the following interrogative sentences into assertive sentences :—

- (a) Is a quiet person like you coming out with us?
- (b) How will you move with all those weapons about you?
- (c) Why should we risk our lives in contention with a devil?
- (d) Do we not all know that purrut baghs can be created?
- (e) How could you risk your life, my son?

8. Correct the following sentences, and give reasons for your corrections :—

- (a) Many a tiger have fallen from a shot from my gun.
(b) If he will perform such antics, the beast will dine on him to a certainty. (c) I had gone more as a spectator as aught else. (d) Every man of them blew their matches and planted their feet firmly. (e) You will never see the beast from thence. (f) One must not boast of their powers.

9. Fill up the blanks in the following sentences with suitable auxiliaries :—

- (a) I — shoot it with my matchlock ; it — be wounded.
(b) If it — really turn out to be a tiger, you can let me know, and I — come and kill it.
(c) We declared that all — go wrong without him.
(d) What is this brute that it — escape ?
(e) I — have nothing to do with it.
(f) Who knows but that some one else — become food for it ?
(g) He — escape ; it is possible but scarcely likely.
(h) — he remained behind the bush, he — — shot her.

10. Write sentences to illustrate the difference in meaning between :—general and universal ; quiet and quite ; arrant and errant ; antic and antique ; possible and probable aught and ought.

13. A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

[This is taken from Robert Louis Stevenson's '*Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*,' a book which was the result of his tour (1878) in the famous mountain district in S. E. France. One day Stevenson set out to scale a portion of the Lozère mountain by a stony drove road. At the top of the woods he turned to the left by a path among the fine trees, and walked on till he reached a glade of green turf, surrounded on all sides by trees. A little stream flowed through it. Here he decided to camp for the night. He made a hearty meal, and, fastening his sleeping-bag up to his knees, and pulling his cap over his eyes, fell asleep. At two in the morning he woke up. This extract describes his experiences during the night.]

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have laid

down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all of these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious *Montaigne*, that we may the better and more sensibly relish it. We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighbourhood, that we have escaped out of the *Bastille* of civilisation, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the *Milky Way*. All around

me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see *Modestine* walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at *Chasserades* and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had

rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists : at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm ; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good-will than grace in his performance ; but he trolled with ample lungs ; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hill-side and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities ; some of them sang ; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad

in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double; first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pinewoods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.

When I awoke again (*Sunday, 29th September*), many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the *Milky Way* when I was last awake. Day was at hand.

—R. L. Stevenson.

NOTES

Dead monotonous, very dull, and uninteresting.

marked, indicated. *face*, aspect.

nature, the sky, the stars, the mountains, the rivers etc.

temporal death, death of all the world or temporary death.

stirring hour, hour in which the sleeper is awakened and moved by the beauty of nature.

announce, indicate the approach of.

speeding the course of night, crying the hours of the passing night.

inaudible, that cannot be heard. *summons*, call.

rain down an influence, allusion to the belief that a stream of ethereal essence flowed from the stars and affected the actions of men.

thrill a wave of emotion or sensation.

arcana, secrets of nature.

resurrection, coming to life again; here, waking up.

incident, occurrence

Montaigne, (1533—92), author of 'Essays' in which his philosophy of life is summed up. He was the originator of the essay form of writing.

impulse, a sudden feeling.

Bastille of civilisation, restrictions imposed by an artificial civilisation. *Bastille* was the famous fortress in Paris where political prisoners were confined. It was destroyed at the beginning of the French Revolution (1789).

internal cold aspersion, drinking cold water.

make a cigarette, to roll tobacco in thin paper, in tube form, for smoking.

stood for, represented.

the milky way, the faintly luminous belt in the night sky composed of countless stars, which are too far away to be seen by the naked eye.

fir-points, tops of fir tress.

pack-saddle, saddle used for carrying burdens on animals.

Modestine, the name of Stevenson's donkey.

at the length of her tether, at the extreme end of the rope by which she was tied to a tree or stump.

quiet talk of the runnel, gentle murmur of the streamlet.

my great chamber, the glade.

Chasserades, the place where Stevenson had stayed the previous night.

nocturnal prowesses, nightly acts of valour: humorous reference to scholars studying far into the night.

pass-keys, private keys to doors, used by people to let themselves into the house without disturbing the inmates.

material aids, artificial needs for the enjoyment of life.

cower, crouch, as if in fear.

keeps open house, entertains all comers without distinction.

political economy, science treating of the production, distribution and consumption of wealth.

fellowship, companionship.

longing, i.e., for a companion.

took articulate shape, could be distinctly heard.

good will, zeal, energy.

grace, melody. *trolled*, sang.

bagpipes, wind musical instrument, common in Scotland.

romance, strange or peculiar interest.

black hours, the hours after midnight when evil spirits and wicked persons are abroad to do their dark deeds.

business, crime, love, grief, and so on.

lit internally with wine, being in high spirits on account of the wine drunk.

stronger companions of the night, larger stars of great brilliance.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in complete sentences:—

(a) Contrast a night spent under a roof with one spent in the open fields. (b) How can one tell the hours of the night in the open fields? (c) What is the stirring hour of the night? What happens at that time? (d) What are the author's surmises about the cause of the wakeful influence at night? (e) What is the advantage of being thus disturbed in our sleep? (f) Explain the appropriateness of the term 'Bastille of civilisation'. (g) What was Stevenson's experience of the inn at Chasserades? (h) What kind of people does Stevenson think of with horror? (i) What is meant by 'keeping an open house'? Where does God keep an open house? (j) What was the truth that Stevenson

re-discovered? (*k*) With what mixed feelings did Stevenson view his solitude? (*l*) What, according to Stevenson, is solitude made perfect? (*m*) What romance is there in people who are abroad in the black hours of the night? (*n*) What is the double romance to which Stevenson refers?

2. Write the answers to the following questions in one connected paragraph:—

Where did Stevenson camp for the night? When did he wake up from his sleep? What did he do immediately after waking up? Describe the stars, the milky way, and the scene around him. What was Modestine doing? What sounds did he hear, near and distant? What colour was the sky in the nearer distance and far above him between the stars?

3. "Civilisation is more a hindrance than a help to real human progress." Expand this idea in a paragraph of about 10 lines.

4. Write two paragraphs, one on the advantages of sleeping in the open air, and the other, on the disadvantages of doing so.

5. Construct a sentence of your own, using each of the following words and phrases:—

Speed the course of the night; arcana; for the time being; Bastille of orthodoxy; broad awake; come to the end of one's tether; stand for; make a cigarette; cower; nocturnal prowess; thrill; at hand.

6. (α) Rewrite the following sentences using the Positive degree of comparison:—

i. The faint wind was *more* like a moving coolness than a stream of air.

ii. There was *more* of good will than grace in his performance.

iii. They neither know nor inquire *further*.

(b) Recast the following sentences using the other degrees of comparison :—

i. Shepherds and old country-folk are the *deepest* read in these arcana.

ii. It became for a second the *highest* light in the landscape.

iii. To live out of doors with a woman a man loves is, of all lives, the *most* complete and free.

7. Correct the following sentences :—

(a) I had rediscovered one of those truths which is revealed to savages. (b) The summons of the court were ignored by the opposite party. (c) When I awakened again, I found many of the stars have disappeared. (d) Cattle awakes on the meadows; sheep breaks their fast on dewy hillside; and houseless men, who had laid down with the fowls open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

8. Combine each of the following groups of sentences into one simple sentence :—

(a) Then the cock first crows. This time it does not announce the dawn. It speeds the course of night.

(b) We escape out of the Bastille of civilisation. We become a mere kindly animal. We become a sheep of Nature's flock. It is only for the time being.

(c) I wished for a companion. She should be near me in the starlight. She should be silent and not moving. But she should be within reach.

9. Analyse into clauses :—

I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks.....
.....and singing loudly as he went.

14. THE TWO BROTHERS

[Thomas Day, who wrote *Sandford and Merton* in 1783-1789, had a firm belief that honesty is the best policy, and that virtue always meets a just and profitable reward. In his book, he contrasted the pampered bully Tommy Merton with the frank and honest Harry Sandford. Mr. Barlow, the tutor of the two lads told them many improving stories, and tried to inculcate virtue by instructive talks and moral discourses. The following tale of the Two Brothers is one of his stories, the moral of which is quite obvious.]

About the time that many people went over to South America, in the hope of finding gold and silver, there was a Spaniard, whose name was Pizarro, who had a great inclination to try his fortune like the rest; but as he had an elder brother, for whom he had a very great affection, he went to him, told him his design, and solicited him very much to go with him, promising he should have an equal share of all the riches they found. The brother, whose name was Alonzo, was a man of contented temper and a good understanding. He did not therefore much approve of the project, and endeavoured to dissuade Pizarro from it, by setting before him the danger to which he exposed himself, and the uncertainty of success; but finding all that he said was vain, he agreed to go, but told his brother that he wanted no part of the riches Pizarro might find, and would ask no other favour than to have his baggage and a few servants taken on board the vessel with him. Pizarro then sold all that he had, bought a vessel, and embarked with several other

adventurers, who had all great expectations, like himself, of soon becoming rich. As to Alonzo, he took nothing with him but a few ploughs, harrows, and other tools, and some corn, together with a large quantity of potatoes, and some seeds of different vegetables. Pizarro thought this a very odd preparation for a voyage; but, as he did not think proper to expostulate with his brother, he said nothing.

After sailing some time with prosperous winds, they put into the last port where they were to stop, before they came to the country where they intended to search for gold. Here Pizarro bought a great number more of pickaxes, shovels, and various other tools for digging, melting, and refining the gold he expected to find. He also hired an additional number of labourers to assist him in the work. Alonzo, on the contrary, bought only a few sheep, and four stout oxen, with their harness, and food enough to support them till they should reach land.

As it happened, they had a favourable voyage, and all landed in perfect health in America. Alonzo then told his brother that, as he had only come to accompany and serve him, he would stay near the shore with his servants and cattle, while Pizarro went to search for gold; and when the gold-seeker had procured as much wealth as he desired, Alonzo would be always ready to embark for Spain.

Pizarro accordingly set out. He felt so great a

contempt for his brother, that he could not help expressing it to his companions. "I always thought," said he, "that my brother had been a man of sense ; he bore that character in Spain ; but I find people were strangely mistaken in him. Here he is going to divert himself with his sheep and his oxen, as if he were living quietly upon his farm at home, and had nothing else to do but to raise cucumbers and melons. But we know better what to do with our time. So come along, my lads ; and if we have but good luck, we shall soon be enriched for the rest of our lives." All present applauded Pizarro's speech, and declared themselves ready to follow wherever he went ; only one old Spaniard shook his head as he went, and told the adventurous gold-seeker he doubted whether his brother would be found so great a fool as he appeared.

They then travelled on, several days' march into the country, sometimes obliged to cross rivers, at others to pass mountains and forests, where they could find no paths ; sometimes scorched by the fervent heat of the sun, and at others wetted to the skin by violent showers of rain. These difficulties, however, did not discourage the Spaniards so much as to hinder them from trying in several places for gold, which they were at length lucky enough to find in considerable quantities. This success animated them very much, and they continued working upon that spot till all their provisions were consumed.

They gathered daily large quantities of ore; but then they suffered very much from hunger. Still, however, they persevered in their labours, and sustained themselves with such roots and berries as they could find. At last even this resource failed them; and, after several of their company had died from want and hardship, the rest were just able to crawl back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them the gold, to acquire which they had suffered so many miseries.

But while they had been employed in this manner, Alonzo, who foresaw what would happen, had been industriously toiling to a very different purpose. His skill in husbandry had easily enabled him to find a spot of considerable extent, and a very fertile soil, which he and his servants ploughed up with the oxen he had brought with him. He then sowed the different seeds he had brought, and planted the potatoes, which prospered beyond what he could have expected, and yielded him a most abundant harvest. His sheep he had turned out in a very fine meadow near the sea, and every one of them had brought him a couple of lambs. Besides that, he and his servants, at leisure times, employed themselves in fishing; and the fish they had caught were all dried and salted with salt they had found upon the sea-shore; so that by the time Pizarro returned, they had laid up a very considerable quantity of provisions.

When Pizarro returned, his brother received him with the greatest cordiality, and asked him what success he had had. Pizarro told him that they had found an immense quantity of gold; but that several of his companions had perished, and that the rest were almost starved from the want of provisions. He then requested that his brother would immediately give him something to eat, as he had tasted no food for the last two days, excepting the roots and bark of trees. Alonzo very coolly answered, that Pizarro should remember the agreement they made on first starting, namely, that neither should interfere with the other. He had never, he said, desired to have any share of the gold which Pizarro might find, and therefore he wondered that Pizarro should expect to be supplied with the provisions that his brother had procured with so much care and labour. "But," added he, "if you choose to exchange some of the gold you have found for provisions, I shall perhaps be able to accommodate you."

Pizarro thought this behaviour very unkind in his brother; but, as he and his companions were almost starved, they were obliged to comply with Alonzo's demands, which were so exorbitant, that in a very short time the gold-seekers had parted with all the gold they had brought with them, merely to purchase food. Alonzo then proposed to his brother to embark for Spain in the vessel which had brought

them hither, as the wind and weather seemed to be most favourable; but Pizarro, with an angry look, replied, that, since Alonzo had deprived him of everything he had gained, and treated him in so unfriendly a manner, he should go without Pizarro; who, for his part, would rather perish upon that desert shore than embark with so inhuman a brother.

But Alonzo, instead of resenting these reproaches, embraced his brother with the greatest tenderness, and said: "Could you then believe, my dearest Pizarro, that I really meant to deprive you of the fruits of all your labours, which you had gained through so much toil and danger? Rather may all the gold in the universe perish than I should be capable of such behaviour to my dearest brother. But I saw the rash, impetuous desire you had for riches, and wished to correct this fault in you, and serve you at the same time. You despised my prudence and industry, and imagined that nothing could be wanting to him who had once acquired wealth; but you have now learned that, without foresight and industry, all the gold you have brought with you would not have prevented you from perishing miserably. You are now, I hope, wiser, therefore take back your riches, which I hope you have now learned properly to employ." Pizarro was filled with gratitude and astonishment at this generosity of his brother, and he acknowledged, from

experience, that industry was better than gold. They embarked for Spain where they all arrived safely. During the voyage, Pizarro often solicited his brother to accept of half his riches, which Alonzo constantly refused, telling him that he who could raise food enough to maintain himself was in no want of gold.

NOTES

Fortune, luck. *design*, plan, idea.
solicited, invited; asked earnestly. *project*, plan, scheme.
dissuade, advise against.
harrow, heavy frame with iron teeth for breaking clods on ploughed land.
expostulate, remonstrate, protest. *applauded*, praised.
animated, encouraged. *persevered*, continued steadfastly.
resource, means of supplying their wants.
husbandry, farming. *cordiality*, warmth, friendliness.
accommodate, oblige. *exorbitant*, grossly excessive.
inhuman, unfeeling, cruel. *resenting*, showing indignation at.
impetuous, rash.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—

Why did Pizarro want to go to South America? Why did Alonzo try to dissuade him from the project? On what condition did Alonzo agree to go with his brother? What did Alonzo take with him? What did Pizarro think of his brother's preparations? What did the brothers purchase at the last port of call? Where did Alonzo choose to remain? Why did Pizarro feel great contempt for his brother? What difficulties did Pizarro and his companions experience in their

search for gold? Was their search successful? Why did several of them die? What had Alonzo been doing in the meantime? How did Alonzo receive his brother? Why were the gold-seekers obliged to part with all their gold? Why did Pizarro reproach his brother? What lesson did Alonzo teach his brother?

2. Write the answers to the following questions in a connected paragraph :—

How did Alonzo differ from Pizarro in character? Why did Alonzo at first refuse to go to South America with his brother? Why did he afterwards change his mind? Did he really intend to deprive his brother of all his hard-earned gold? What fault was Alonzo trying to correct in his brother? Why did he refuse half the riches offered to him by Pizarro?

3. Write an essay on 'Wisdom is better than Wealth or Health.'

4. Insert appropriate prepositions in the blanks :—

(a) He did not approve — the project, and tried to dissuade him — it. (b) He thought this a very odd preparation — a voyage, but he did not think it proper to expostulate — his brother. (c) He felt great contempt — his brother, and said that people were strangely mistaken — him. (d) Still they persevered — their labours, and sustained themselves — roots and berries. (e) He had skill — husbandry; he and his servants employed themselves — fishing. (f) He asked him to exchange some of the gold — provisions; the gold-seekers were obliged to comply — Alonzo's demands and part — all their gold.

5. Fill up the blanks in the following with suitable auxiliary verbs, bearing in mind the sequence of tenses :—

(a) He answered that Pizarro — remember their agreement, namely, that neither — interfere with the other. (b)

out foresight and industry, all the gold you — brought, t — prevented you from perishing miserably. (c) If you change some of your gold for provisions, I — perhaps be o accommodate you. (d) They sustained themselves such roots and berries as they — find. (e) They worked in order that they — gather as much gold as possible.

Correct the mistakes in the following sentences :—

2) He said that the riches they found was to be equally l by them.

3) Everyone of the sheep have brought him a couple of

4) The fish they had caught was all dried and salted.

5) Not only Pizarro but his companions was starving.

6) Neither were to interfere with each other.

7) Prudence and industry has saved me from starvation.

Report Alonzo's speech in the last paragraph of the in the Indirect form of narration.

5. ADVICE TO A SCHOOL BOY

his letter was written by *William Hazlitt* (1778—1830), one best English essayists and critics, to his son. The boy was years old when he was put to school. He was a spoiled child me-bred prejudices against the school and the people of the

The father attempts in this letter to rub off the angularities boy's character, and to give him sound advice about his at school. This advice is applicable to all school-boys of all nd places.]

MY DEAR LITTLE FELLOW,—You are going to settle at school, and may consider this ir first entrance into the world. As my health ndifferent, and I may not be with you long

I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you, and as something to remember me by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else.

As we went along to your new place of destination, you often repeated that you durst say that they were a set of stupid, disagreeable people, meaning the people at the school. You were to blame in this. It is a good old rule to hope for the best. Always, my dear, believe things to be right till you find them the contrary; and even then, instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavour to put up with them as well as you can, if you cannot alter them. You said you were sure you should not like the school where you were going. This was wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But you could not tell whether you should like the school or not, till you had given it a trial. Otherwise, your saying that you should not like it was determining that you would not like it. Never anticipate evils, or, because you cannot have things exactly as you wish, make them out worse than they are, through mere spite and wilfulness.

You seemed at first to take no notice of your school-fellows, or rather to set yourself against them, because they were strangers to you. They knew as little of you as you did of them; so that this would have been a reason for their keeping aloof from you

as well, which you would have felt as a hardship. Learn never to conceive a prejudice against others because you know nothing of them. It is bad reasoning, and makes enemies of half the world. Do not think ill of them till they behave ill to you; and then strive to avoid the faults which you see in them. This will disarm their hostility sooner than pique or resentment or complaint.

I thought you were disposed to criticize the dress of some of the boys as not so good as your own. Never despise any one for anything that he cannot help—least of all, for his poverty. I would wish you to keep up appearances yourself as a defence against the idle sneers of the world, but I would not have you value yourself upon them. I hope you will neither be the dupe nor victim of vulgar prejudices. Instead of saying above, “Never despise any one for anything that he cannot help,” I might have said, “Never despise any one at all”; for contempt implies a triumph over and pleasure in the ill of another. It means that you are glad and congratulate yourself on their failings or misfortunes. The sense of inferiority in others, without this indirect appeal to our self-love, is a painful feeling and not an exulting one.

You complain since, that the boys laugh at you and do not care about you, and that you are not treated as you were at home. My dear, that is one chief reason for your being sent to school, to inure you

betimes to the unavoidable rubs and uncertain reception you may meet with in life. You cannot always be with me, and perhaps it is as well that you cannot. But you must not expect others to show the same concern about you as I should. You have hitherto been a spoiled child, and have been used to have your own way a good deal, both in the house and among your play-fellows, with whom you were too fond of being a leader; but you have good nature and good sense, and will get the better of this in time. You have now got among other boys who are your equals, or bigger and stronger than yourself, and who have something else to attend to besides humouring your whims and fancies, and you feel this as a repulse or piece of injustice. But the first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world besides yourself.

There are a number of boys in the school where you are, whose amusements and pursuits (whatever they may be) are and ought to be of as much consequence to them as yours can be to you, and to which therefore you must give way in your turn. The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed at. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom. Remember always that you are but one among others, and you can hardly mistake your place in society. In your father's house, you might do as you pleased: in the

world you will find competitors at every turn. You are not born a king's son, to destroy or dictate to millions; you can only expect to share their fate, or settle your differences amicably with them. You already find it so at school, and I wish you to be reconciled to your situation as soon and with as little pain as you can.

—W. Hazlitt.

NOTES

Indifferent, neither good nor bad.

hope for the best, hope that pleasant and favourable things will always happen to you.

put up with, endure. *anticipate*, look forward to.

spite, ill-will. *wilfulness*, caprice, self-will.

or rather, to be more accurate. *prejudice*, dislike.

set oneself against, make up one's mind to dislike a thing.

disarm hostility, make a friend of an enemy.

pique, annoyance. *sneers*, scornful remarks.

do not value yourself upon them, do not set a higher value on your possessions than on your qualities of character.

dupe, one who is easily deceived. *victim*, one who is injured.

inure, accustom to hardship of some kind.

betimes, early in life. *rubs*, difficulties, troubles.

uncertain reception, i.e., the friendliness, indifference or hostility of the people you meet. *concern*, interest.

spoiled, indulged. *get the better of*, overcome.

repulse, an act of deliberate unfriendliness.

pursuits, occupations.

to give oneself airs, to put on an affected self-important manner. *thwarted*, defeated in purpose.

competitors, rivals. *at every turn*, constantly.

to be reconciled, to submit with a good grace.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

Why was the boy wrong in saying that he would never like the school he was going to? What did he really mean when he said he would never like the school? Why did Hazlitt caution his son against forming a prejudice towards his school fellows? Why was it wrong to criticise the dress of some of the boys? How did Hazlitt bring home to his boy the truth of the maxim 'Never despise anyone at all'? What is the chief reason for sending a boy to school? Why did Hazlitt warn his son against giving himself airs?

2. What faults did Hazlitt notice in his son?

3. Make out a list of the maxims contained in Hazlitt's advice to his son.

4. Write a letter to your father giving your first impressions of your new school.

5. Write an essay on 'the Advantages of School Education over Home Education'.

6. Use the following words and phrases in your own sentences :—Put up with; anticipate; make out; or rather; set oneself against; congratulate; betimes; inure; used to; get the better of; give way; give oneself airs; at every turn; to be reconciled to.

7. Complete the following sentences in your own words bearing in mind the context :—

- (a) Always believe things to be right till...
- (b) You could not tell whether you should like the school or not...
- (c) Never conceive a prejudice against others because...
- (d) The more airs of childish importance you give yourself...
- (e) Never despise any one for anything...

8. Rewrite the following sentences using the idioms formed with the words given within brackets :—

- (a) Do not disregard my advice (turn—ear).
- (b) Use your opportunities to the best advantage (most).
- (c) You were

too fond of domineering over your play-fellows at home (lord).
(d) As you have good nature and good sense, you will overcome this defect in time (get—better). (e) These rules of conduct will prove useful to you in life (stand—stead).
(f) You seemed at first to entertain a prejudice against them (set).

9. Convert the following into simple sentences :—

(a) Learn never to conceive a prejudice against others because you know nothing of them.

(b) That is one chief reason why you are being sent to school.

(c) The first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world besides yourself.

(d) In your father's house you might do as you pleased.

16. LONDON

Let us imagine that we are paying a short visit to London, from the country. We are sitting in an express train, speeding along towards the great capital city at sixty miles an hour. We have only a few days to spend in London, and we want to see as much of it as possible. Twenty miles from our destination, we notice that there are houses and streets all around us, and we fly past many small stations. We are already in the suburbs of London. We pass little suburban trains, and the fast electric trains pass us, as we slow down towards the terminus. We do not see the underground trains, but we know that a net work of tube railways is spread beneath the vast city. As

we slide into the great railway terminus we are deafened by the noise of shouting porters with their trolleys, escaping steam from huge engines, and the roar of traffic from the road outside. It is easy to get lost on a Railway Station, in London, for each of the dozen stations has from ten to twenty platforms.

We are anxious to do some shopping in the fine West End shops. So first of all we take a bus outside the station, and go to the Marble Arch. Thence we make our way along Oxford Street and Regent Street, where are some of London's finest shops. Anything and everything may be bought there, and, day and night, the streets are thronged with busy people, and the shops bright with light and colour. We reach the busy thoroughfare of Piccadilly Circus, in the heart of London's Theatres, and from there we make our way quickly to Trafalgar Square. Soaring high in the middle of the Square is Nelson's Column, and at its base four Great Stone Lions. On our right, one side of the Square is filled by the National Picture Gallery, and a little further along is the famous Church of St. Martin's in the Fields. It is hard to believe that once the church did really stand among green fields, for now it is in the heart of the bustle and roar of the great city.

Skirting two sides of the Square we pass along Whitehall. There we find the Cenotaph, the memorial to the brave men who died in the Great

War. We pass, too, the ancient palace of the kings of England and the long window from which Charles I stepped to meet his death. We notice, too, a short and quiet side street, marked Downing Street, where at Number 10, the Prime Ministers of England live while they hold office. A short distance further brings us to the Houses of Parliament, and, if we have time, we may enter the Visitors' Gallery and listen to a debate in the House of Commons. High in his tower above us, Big Ben is striking the hour. Twice a day his deep voice rings out over the wireless to the whole world. At our feet runs the Thames, wide and swift, spanned by many noble bridges. Next to the Houses of Parliament, and more ancient still stands Westminster Hall, famous for the trials of commoners and kings. Richard II and Warren Hastings alike were condemned there. Near by is the magnificent pile of Westminster Abbey, the burial place in olden days of the kings of England, and now the burial place of her famous authors and poets. There, among the tombs of great soldiers and seamen, lies the body of the Unknown Warrior, honoured most of all. We leave the dim light of the old Grey Stone Abbey, and walk down the bright, straight line of the Mall to Buckingham Palace, a stately and impressive building which, since the days of Queen Victoria, has been the home of the kings of England. In the square before the palace is a beautiful ma-

monument in memory of Queen Victoria. Outside the palace gates the tall sentries pace, all day long, and if we are fortunate, we may catch a glimpse of the king and queen as they drive in or out.

If we walk along one side of the palace garden, we shall find ourselves at Hyde Park corner, one of the entrances to the famous Hyde Park. We have now almost completed a circle, for a walk through the park, past the Serpentine Lake, brings us back to the Marble Arch. From Hyde Park we can pass easily into Kensington Gardens, the play ground of London's children, where is the famous statue of Peter Pan. London is fortunate in having many little open squares of grass, where, even in the crowded parts of the city, the children can play. There are many other large parks, too: Regent's Park, which holds the Zoological Gardens and wide stretches of common which are the lungs of the city.

While we are in Kensington we must find some of the museums there, and look at some of the University buildings. The Colleges of London University are very scattered, and we cannot hope to see them all. The Great British Museum is hidden away in a quiet square in Bloomsbury, and it would take many weeks to examine its treasures.

We must leave the West End, now, and look at 'the city,' for although London spreads over many miles, the original City of London is quite a small place. It was founded over two thousand

years ago, by the ancient Britons, and when the Romans came, they strengthened it with walls, and used it as a fortress. A fragment of the Roman wall still remains, but all the gates have disappeared, though their names are left with us, in Moor Gate, Cripple Gate, Ludgate, Aldgate, and many others. The City is the home of the Banks and Great Mercantile Houses of London. By day it is thronged with hurrying businessmen, but at night it is almost deserted; for very few people live there.

If we are to visit the city from the west, Charing Cross Station will be a good place to start from. We take a bus and ride down the busy strand, past the beautiful churches of St. Clement Dane's and St. Mary's, which stand on islands in the middle of the wide and busy road. Now we are at Temple Bar, and the Temple Courts, through which all English lawyers must pass before they may practise. Further on we come to Fleet Street from which millions of newspapers are poured every night, to reach every corner of England each morning at breakfast time. Past the long line of famous newspaper offices we go, and come to Ludgate hill. There, looking upwards to the right, we see the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral with its shining golden cross. St. Paul's was built by Sir Christopher Wren, on the site of an older church, burned down in the Great Fire of London, in 1666. Within it are the tombs of many famous soldiers, sailors and statesmen, and

Wren's own tomb, in the crypt of the church bears the Latin inscription, "If you seek his monument, look around you." It is the finest monument any architect could have. From the high platform round the dome we see all London spread below us. Churches lift up their spires and towers all around ; the river runs close by in a silver stream ; men crawl like ants in the busy street far below.

Near St. Paul's is the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor of London lives, the General Post Office, the Royal Exchange where so many fortunes are won and lost, and the Bank of England, which holds in its vaults much of the nation's wealth. Not far away runs the river, a very different sight from



[Photo : *The Photochrom Company, Ltd., London.*
The Tower and The Tower Bridge

the stately stream that passes Westminster, for this is the Port of London. Here cargo boats are busy all the day and great merchantmen load and unload at the docks. Spanning the river is the famous Tower Bridge which swings apart to allow big boats to pass, and close to the bridge is the Tower itself, built by William the Conqueror to defend the city from the sea. Within these thick stone walls many noble prisoners have languished, and many have died. Here the two little princes, sons of Edward IV, met an untimely death, and Sir Walter Raleigh scratched his name on the wall. Now the Tower is used as a museum of interesting historical objects. We may see old suits of armour, swords and spears there, but most interesting is the sight of the crown jewels which are kept safely in this great stronghold.

We have come to the end of our short stay in the capital, and regretfully make our way back to the railway station. We know well that we have only skimmed the surface of London's sights, but we know too, that it would take months, perhaps years, to explore the great city fully. And we have seen enough to fire our imagination with the historic grandeur and present splendour of the great capital city of our Empire.

NOTES

suburbs, outlying districts.

terminus, station at the end of a main or branch railway.

net work, complex system of railways.

tube railways, railways running through rectangular tub
underground.

trolley, a kind of truck or cart pushed by hand.

West End, fashionable part of London where the rich live.

thoroughfares, streets through which much traffic passes.

Piccadilly Circus, the centre of London's shop-land, with its luxuries of all kinds from all parts of the world.

Nelson's Column, this is the great Nelson Monument, with the figure of Nelson on a lofty pillar, guarded by gigantic lions resting at the base.

Whitehall, a broad street lined with Government buildings, such as the Admiralty, the War Office, and the India Office.

ancient palace, called Whitehall.

Westminster Hall, founded by William Rufus and rebuilt by Richard II.

the lungs of the city, places where pure, free air can be breathed.

crypt, underground vault or cell.

languished, pined, drooped.

skimmed, looked over cursorily, superficially.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

What do we notice as we approach London? Where is the main shopping district of London? What is Piccadilly Circus? What do we see all around it? What is Nelson's Column? Where is it situated? Where is the National Picture Gallery? How does St. Martin's Church bear witness to the rapid growth of London? What is the Cenotaph? Where does it lie? What was the ancient palace of the kings of England? How is it associated with the memory of King Charles I? What buildings are found in Whitehall? What different buildings do we find in Westminster? What are the largest and most famous parks in London? Where are the Zoological Gardens? Where is the British Museum? What

traces of the original city of London are still left? What is Fleet Street famous for? Describe St. Paul's Cathedral in three or four sentences. What important buildings are found near St. Paul's? What sight is presented by the river here? What is the Tower, and why is it important?

2. Write short notes, not exceeding six lines each, on the following:

(a) Trafalgar Square. (b) Westminster Hall. (c) Westminster Abbey. (d) St. Paul's Cathedral. (e) The Tower of London.

3. Fill up the blanks in the following account of St. Paul's:—

As we—Ludgate Hill, we—the great—of St.—, with its shining—cross. An enclosed—lies before the—where flutter—of pigeons of all—. We—the church by—a series of—stone—steps. The front of the—is—with six pairs of pillars at the—of the steps.—the church hang the banners—give—of many a—, and the—of the—who won those—are also there.

4. Write an essay describing a walk through a large town you have seen.

5. Rewrite the following sentences as directed:—

(a) We do not see the underground trains, but we know that a network of tube railways is spread beneath the vast city. (Turn into a complex sentence.)

(b) If we walk along one side of the palace garden, we shall find ourselves at Hyde Park corner. (Turn into a simple sentence.)

(c) We know well that we have only skimmed the surface of London's sight. (Write as a double sentence.)

(d) Let us imagine that we are paying a short visit to London. (Put the verbs in the passive voice.)

(e) The Colleges of London University are very scattered. We cannot hope to see them all. (Join the two sentences by using 'too'.)

17. JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP

(FROM "LES MISERABLES")

[Victor Marie Hugo (1802-1885) was one of the greatest of French writers, and his works have been translated into many languages. *Les Misérables* is the best known of his novels, and the following passage is taken from its opening chapter.

The Bishop, a simple and saintly old man, lived alone with his sister, Baptistine, and a housekeeper, Madame Magloire, in a small house in the heart of a French town. They were quite poor, because the Bishop gave away everything he had to the needy. His sister, being of a frugal nature, managed the house economically, and both she and the housekeeper were deeply attached to the Bishop, and obeyed him in all things, though they tried to protect him from the frauds who often imposed on his generosity.

One evening Madame Magloire came home with news of a stranger in the town, who, because of his sinister wretched appearance, had been turned away from every inn, from the best to the worst. Even the prison had refused him shelter, and he was now wandering, weary and homeless. At this moment a loud tap came at the door, and the Bishop bade the visitor come in. It was the evil-looking traveller. The two women were terrified, but the Bishop fixed a calm eye on the man, who, without waiting for the Bishop's welcome, addressed him in a loud voice.]

"I am going to give you this straight. My name is Jean Valjean. I am a released convict, having spent nineteen years in the hulks. Let out four days ago, I am working my way to Pontarlier, which is my destination. These four days I have been footing it from Toulon. I have done twelve leagues this day afoot.

"This evening, in striking this country, I went into a tavern where they kicked me out because I

had to show my yellow passport, my ticket-of-leave, you understand, at the mayor's office. I had to show it, see? I went to another public house, but they said: 'Be off!' in the same style. No one will harbour me anywhere. I rapped at the jail and the warder would not open to me. I crept into a dog kennel and the beast snapped at me and worried me out, same as a man—see? It looked as if he knew what I was.

"I went into the fields to sleep under the stars. But there were none, and thinking that it would come on to rain, and there being no good, kind God to stop it from raining on me, I returned into town to find some doorway to snooze in.

"Across the square, I laid on a stone, when a good woman pointed to your house and said: 'Knock at the door.' I have knocked. What is this house anyhow? a kind of hotel? I carry money. My savings. One hundred and nine francs, fifteen sous, earned in the convict prison by my labour in nineteen years. I will pay fair. What else would you do with me? I have money; I am dead beat—twelve leagues of Shanks' mare, see! I am very hungry. Will you let me stay?"

"Madame Magloire, bring another plate," said the bishop.

With three strides the man neared the lamp on the table.

"Stop, you haven't got this right," said he, as

though he had not been understood. "Did you not hear? I am a jail-bird, a galley-slave, fresh from the prison."

He pulled a large sheet of buff paper from his pocket and unfolded it.

"This is my leave to travel. Yellow, as you see, the pest colour. It leads to my being kicked out wherever I show myself. Will you read it? I know how. I learnt it in the stone-jug. There is a school for those who like it. Hark ye! this is what is put on the 'brief': 'JEAN VALJEAN, released convict, born at'—oh, you don't care for that? 'Nineteen years in. Five for burglary and theft. Fourteen for trying four times to break out. This *Number is Most Dangerous.*' There you have it! Everybody has given me the throw-down. Will you receive me? Is this a kind of hotel? Will you give me meat and a bed? A stable will do for me."

"Madam Magloire," said the host, "air the sheets on the alcove bed."

Such was the obedience of either woman, that Magloire went out straightway to carry out the orders.

"Monsieur," said the bishop, turning to the man, "take a seat and warm yourself. We are just sitting down to supper, and while you are having yours, your bed will be got ready."

Here the man fully comprehended. His expression, previously hard and gloomy, became

impregnated with joy, doubt, and stupefaction extraordinary! He began to stammer like a madman:—

“Is this so? what! you will keep me? you do not drive me out—a jail-bird? You call me ‘monsieur,’ and do not talk as to a dog? ‘Be off, dog,’ as they say to me so freely. Why, I thought that you, too, would give me the bounce! That is why I told you at the start what I was. Oh, what a trump that good soul was who told me to apply here!

“I am going to have supper, did you say? And a bed, with real sheets and a mattress, like all the rest of the world? A bed, good Lord! It is nigh twenty years since I slept in a bed! Do you really like my not going away? Well, you are first class folk! anyway, I really have money, no flam! and I can pay anything you say. You are an honest gentleman. A kind of hotelkeeper, eh?”

“I am a priest who is living here,” explained the bishop.

“A priest!” exclaimed the man. “Well, you are an honest sort of a priest! In that case you would not take money. I reckon you are the parish priest, the priest of that big church? Just so. What a fool I am not to have noticed your skull-cap!”

While babbling, he set down his pack in a corner, stood up his cudgel by it, and took a seat, after putting his pass in his pocket.

to catch what he sung out. That was the bishop, though."

While he spoke, the bishop went and shut the door, which had remained wide open.

The housekeeper entered with the things for the guest, which she set on the board.

"Madame Magloire, place them as close to the fire as you can. The wind coming down from the Alps is chill." Turning to the man, he added: "You must be cold, monsieur?"

Every time that he gave the outcast the title, with his sweetly grave voice as in the best company, the hearer's countenance brightened up. To a released felon, it was like a glass of water to a ship-wrecked seaman. Ignominy thirsts for considerate treatment.

"That lamp is giving a very poor light," remarked the bishop.

Taking the hint, Madame Magloire went into the master's study for the pair of silver candlesticks, which she brought in lit and set on the table.

"Master priest, you are kind," said the guest. "You do not scorn me. You welcome me in your own house. You light up your candles in my honour. Yet I did not hold from you what I am, whence I came, and that I am a man under a ban."

Seated beside him, the bishop softly touched his hand.

"You needed not to have told me who you were. This is not my house, but Jesus Christ's. This door does not want him who enters to bear a name, but to bear a sorrow. You suffer; you are ahungered and athirst; verily, you are welcome. And thank me not; do not say that I am making you at home in my house. Nobody is at home on this earth who is not in search of shelter. I tell you, who chance in, that you are more in your own haven than I myself. All that is herein is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you spoke it, I knew who you were."

"Really?" and the man stared. "You knew my name?"

"Yes, you are my brother," answered the bishop.

"What a queer thing!" cried the man; "I was sharp-set when I came in; but you have been so kind to me that I do not know how it passed off—I do not feel it now."

"You had a very hard time of it?" said the bishop, looking at him.

"Sure! in a red cassock, with a cannon-ball chained to the heel, a board to sleep on, heat and cold, work, the warders with canes! For nothing at all, the double chain clapped on! For a word they throw you into the black hole! If you fall sick, the same bed and the chain still on. Why, these here dogs are better off. Nineteen years

of it! I am forty-six now. And the release-pass at last to show for it! Here it is."

"Yes, you come forth from a house of sorrows," said the prelate. "Listen to me. There is more joy in heaven over the tear-wet face of one repentant sinner than over the snowy robes of the hundred who are just. If you come out of that doleful place with angry and hateful thoughts towards your fellow-men, you are deserving of pity; if with those of peace, meekness, and loving kindliness, then you are a better man than any of us!"

NOTES

The hulks, old or dismantled ships formerly used as prisons.

footing it, walking. *striking etc.*, coming into the town.

passport, document permitting the possessor to travel in the country and entitling him to protection.

ticket-of-leave, paper allowing liberty with certain restrictions to a prisoner or convicted person who has served his time, in full or in part.

harbour, give shelter. *rapped*, knocked at the door.

snapped at, tried to bite. *snooze*, sleep.

laid, for 'lay'. *fair*, a fair price;

Shanks' mare, one's own legs; i.e., walking.

got this right, understood me aright. *buff*, dull yellow colour.

stone-jug, (slang), prison. *break out*, escape.

given me the throw down, turned me out. *impregnated*, filled.

stupefaction, the state of being deprived of sensibility.

give me the bounce, turn me out.

flam, trick, deception (slang).

Mdlle., short form of Mademoiselle, French for Miss.

gentleman of the cloth, a clergyman.

chaplain, clergyman officiating at the prison.
lintstocks, matches. *squint*, look.
sung out, said, spoke. *the title*, i.e., 'sir'. *felon*, convict.
ignominy etc., infamous persons are eager for respect.
man under a ban, an accursed man.
who chance in, who are a passer-by; *sharp-set*, hungry.
had a very hard time of it, suffered greatly.
cassock, jacket. *black hole*, dungeon.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—

Why was Jean Valjean turned out of the inns? Why could he not sleep in the fields? How did he come to knock at the bishop's door? What did he say to the bishop on coming in? How did the bishop receive him? How did Valjean account for his long imprisonment? What change came upon Valjean when he understood that the Bishop really asked him to supper? What sum of money did the released convict possess? How long was he earning it? Where had Valjean seen a bishop? What was his idea of a bishop? Write two sentences to describe how the bishop reassured Valjean that he was really welcome to his abode. What effect had the bishop's kindness on Valjean? How did Valjean describe his sufferings in prison to the bishop? (Answer in two sentences.) For what reasons did the bishop welcome the ex-convict?

2. Fill up the blanks in the following passage with suitable words;—

There will be more — in heaven over the — face of a — sinner than over the — robes of one hundred — men. If you leave that — place with thoughts of — and — against your —, you are worthy of —; if you leave it with thoughts of — and —, you are a — man than any of us.

3. "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." Expand the idea contained in this verse in a paragraph not exceeding 10 lines.

4. Write the answers to the following questions in a connected paragraph :

Why did the bishop say that it was not his house? What sort of persons were admitted into his house? Why was Jean Valjean specially welcome there? What sort of person was at home there? Why did the bishop say that the ex-convict was more at home than himself? Why did he not want to know the guest's name?

5. Every word and act of the bishop was calculated to show that he was considerate in his treatment of his guest. Find instances in the lesson to prove this statement.

6. Point out any peculiarities of grammar, idiom or usage in the following sentences :—

(a) Across the square, I laid on a stone.

(b) I am dead beat — twelve leagues of Shanks' mare, see !

(c) Since four days I spent only twenty-five sous.

(d) Ignominy thirsts for considerate treatment.

(e) You needed not to have told me who you were.

(f) If you fall sick, the same bed and the chain still on.

7. Rewrite the following sentences as directed :—

(a) Oh, what a trump that good soul was who told me to apply here ! (Change into an assertive sentence.)

(b) It is nigh twenty years since I slept in bed. (Turn into a negative sentence.)

(c) Nobody is at home on this earth who is not in search of shelter. (Write as an affirmative sentence.)

(d) What need have I to know your name? (Turn into a statement.)

(e) There is more joy in heaven over the tear-wet face of one repentant sinner than over the snowy robes of the hundred who are just. (Use the positive degree of comparison.)

(f) I went into the fields to sleep under the stars. (Turn into a complex sentence.)

(g) You have been so kind to me that I do not know how it passed off. (Write as a simple sentence.)

8. Use the following words and phrases in your own sentences :—Foot (verb); dead beat; Shanks' mare; to give one the bounce; trump; hold in scorn; under a ban; at home; sharp-set.

18. DISCIPLINE

[This is taken from the *Book of Golden Deeds* by Charlotte Mary Yonge (1823-1901). The books she wrote for children are delightful and instructive. The *Book of Golden Deeds* contains true tales of heroism, and impresses upon young minds the noble lesson of performing golden deeds. The essence of a golden deed lies in unselfishness. It is the spirit that gives itself for others, that for the sake of religion, country, duty, nay, even pity for a stranger, will dare all things, endure all things or meet death with calmness and courage. Everyone, however humble his lot in life, can perform noble deeds when opportunities occur.]

Perhaps there have never been occasions, when the habit of instantaneous obedience to the voice of duty has produced more touching instances of forbearance and unselfishness than in the confusion and despair of a shipwreck. What a wreck can be without such qualities, has been but too well proved by the horrible scenes that took place after the loss of the French ship *Meduse*, when brutal selfishness was followed by savage

violence and cannibalism too shocking to be dwel upon; though memorable as an example, that "every man for himself" is the most fatal of all policies, even were self-preservation the primary object.

In British ships of war, unshrinking obedience heeding nothing but the one matter in hand, is the rule. "As a landsman," says Colonel Fisher, an engineer officer, who was on board the *Plover* gunboat in the hottest fire on the Pieho River "I was much struck with the coolness with which the navigation of the vessel was attended to; the man in the chains cries the soundings, the master gives his orders to the man at the helm and the engineers below; the helmsman has no eyes or ears but for the master's directions and signals..... All seem intent on what is their duty at the time being and utterly unmindful of the struggle raging round them." And this when not only were they being shot down every moment, but when each comparatively harmless ball rocked the gunboat, sent splinters flying, or brought the yards down upon their heads. When such conduct is regarded as a mere matter of course, from the grey-headed admiral down to the cadet and the cabin-boy, no wonder that multitudes of deeds have been done, glorious because they placed duty far above self, and proved that Nelson's signal is indeed true to the strongest instinct of the English sailor.

The only difficulty is to choose among the instances of patient obedience on record; and how many more are there, unknown to all but to Him who treasures up the record, until the day when "the sea shall give up her dead!" Let us cast a glance at the *Atalante*, bewildered in a fog upon the coast of Nova Scotia, and deceived by the signal guns of another ship in distress, till she struck upon the formidable reefs, known by the name of the Sisters Rocks, off Sambro Island. The wreck was complete and hopeless, and a number of men scrambled at once into the pinnace; but the captain, seeing that she could never float so loaded, ordered twenty of them out, and was implicitly obeyed, so entirely without a murmur, that as the men hung clinging to the weather gunwale of the ship, they drowned the crashing of the falling masts with their cheers.

As soon as the pinnace was lightened, she floated off, but immediately turned bottom upwards. Still the crew never lost their self-possession for one moment, but succeeded in righting her, and resuming their places, without the loss of a man. They then waited beyond the dash of the breakers on the reef, for Captain Hickey and their companions, who were still clinging to the remains of the ship. There were two other boats, but too small to hold the whole number, and an attempt was made to construct a raft, but the beating of the waves rendered this impossible, so the men already in the pinnace were

directed to lie down in the bottom, and pack themselves like herrings in a barrel, while the lesser boats returned through the surf to pick off the rest—a most difficult matter, and indeed some had to be dragged off on ropes, and others to swim, but not one was lost. The captain was of course the last man to quit the wreck, though several of the officers were most unwilling to precede him even for a moment, and by the time he reached the boat, the last timbers had almost entirely disappeared, amid the loud cheers of the brave-hearted crew.

Nothing was saved but the admiral's despatches, which the captain had secured at the first moment, and the chronometer. This last was the special charge of the captain's clerk, who had been directed always to hold it in his hand when the guns were fired, or the ship underwent any shock, so as to prevent the works from being injured. On the first alarm he had caught up the chronometer and run on deck, but being unable to swim, was forced to cling to the mizen mast. When the ship fell over, and the mast became nearly horizontal, he crawled out to the mizen top, and sat there till the spar gave way and plunged him into the waves, whence he was dragged into one of the boats, half-drowned but grasping tight his precious trust. A poor merry negro, who held fast to his fiddle to the last moment, as he clung to the main chains, was obliged to let his instrument go, amid the laughter and fun of his

messmates, who seem to have found no merriment in every occurrence. No one had a suit of clothes, but an old quartermaster, Samuel Shanks, who had comported throughout as composedly as if shipwrecks happened to him every day, and did not even take off his hat except for a last cheer to the *Atalante* as she sailed. He recollected that he had a small compass hanging to his watch, and this being handed to the captain, in his gig, and placed on the top of the chronometer, it proved steady enough to steer the three boats crept carefully along in the darkness. They landed, after a few hours, on the coast, twenty miles from Halifax, at a fishing station where they were warmed and fed.

Thence the captain took the most exhausted, the least clothed of the party in the boats to the shore, leaving the others to march through the halibut country. Before night the whole ship's company was assembled, without one man missing, in as good order as if nothing had happened.

Here perfect discipline had proved the means of safety, and hope had never failed for a moment. We have still fresh in our memories an example where such forbearing obedience led to self-sacrifice, when safety might have been secured to the strong at the expense of certain destruction to the weak.

The *Birkenhead*, a war steamer used

transport, was on her way to Algoa Bay with about 630 persons on board, 132 being her own crew, the rest detachments from the 12th, 74th, and 91st Regiments, and the wives and children of the soldiers. In the dead of the night between the 25th and 26th of February, the vessel struck on a reef of sunken rocks on the African coast, and from the rapidity with which she was moving, and the violence of the waves, became rapidly a hopeless wreck. On the shock, the whole of the men and officers hurried on deck, and the commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Seton calling the other officers about him, impressed on them the necessity of preserving order and silence among the men, and placed them at the disposal of the commander of the vessel.

Sixty were placed at the pumps, others to disengage the boat, and others to throw the poor horses overboard, so as to lighten the ship, while the rest were sent to the poop to ease the forepart of the ship. Every one did as directed, and not a murmur nor cry was heard. They were as steady as if on parade, as ready as though embarking in a British harbour.

The largest boat was unhappily too much encumbered to be got at quickly enough, but the cutter was filled with the women and children, and pushed off, as did two other small boats. The other two large ones were, one capsized, the other stove in by the fall of the funnel, which took place immediately after the cutter was clear of the ship, only twelve or fifteen

minutes after the ship had struck. At the same time the whole vessel broke in two parts, crosswise, and the stern part began to sink and fill with water. The commander called out, "All those that can swim, jump overboard and swim for the boats."

But Colonel Seton and the officers with him besought their men to forbear, showing them that if they did so, the boats with the women must be swamped. And they stood still. Not more than three made the attempt. Officers and men alike waited to face almost certain death rather than endanger the women and children. Young soldiers, mostly but a short time in the service, were as patiently resolute as their elders. In a few moments the whole of these brave men were washed into the sea, some sinking, some swimming, some clinging to spars. The boats picked up as many as possible without overloading them, and then made for the shore which was only two miles off, hoping to land these and return for more, but the surf ran so high that landing was impossible, and after seeking till daylight for a safe landing place, they were at last picked up by a schooner, which then made for the wreck, where thirty or forty were still hanging to the masts in a dreadful state of exhaustion.

A few, both of men and horses, had succeeded in swimming to the shore, but some were devoured by the sharks on the way, and out of the whole number in the ship, only 192 were saved. But

those who were lost, both sailors and soldiers, have left behind them a memory of calm, self-denying courage as heroic as ever was shown on battlefield.

—C. M. Yonge.

NOTES

Voice of duty, call of duty.

touching, moving, stirring up emotions.

forbearance, restraint.

cannibalism, eating of human flesh.

policies, principles of conduct.

unshrinking, fearless, unquestioning.

gunboat, small warship carrying from two to four guns.

Pieho River, in North China; the allusion is to the Second Chinese War in which a British naval squadron bombarded and seized the forts which guarded the entrance to the Pieho River. In the action the *Plover* was disabled, the commander killed, and the admiral wounded.

the chains, a small platform projecting from the side of the ship, supported by chains. The sailor who takes the soundings stands here.

soundings, the varying depths of the channel as the ship advanced.

has no eyes or ears etc., does not attend to anything except...

cadet, boy in training to become an officer.

Nelson's signal, i.e., 'England expects every man this day to do his duty'; this famous signal was hoisted just before going into action at Trafalgar.

the day when the sea... dead, the Day of the last Judgment when the spirits of the dead will stand before God's throne to be judged.

Nova Scotia, a peninsula on the east coast of Canada.

Sambro Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia.

pinnace, one of the largest of the ship's boats, carrying a mast and oars.

weather gunwale, the gunwale is the rail running round the deck of a ship. The weather side of a ship is the side in the direction from which the wind is blowing.

righting, turning right side up.

raft, flat floating structure of timber used in emergencies in the absence of boats.

like herrings in a barrel, very close together.

despatches, official papers.

chronometer, clock of the greatest accuracy carried by every ship; useful for determining longitude.

the works, mechanism.

mizen mast, the hindmost mast; *mast* is a long pole set on the keel to support sails.

mizen top, is a small platform near the top of the mizen mast.

quartermaster, petty officer on a ship.

gig, ship's largest boat; generally for the private use of the captain.

Halifax, capital of Nova Scotia.

transport, ship used for carrying troops.

Algoa Bay, in South Africa.

detachments, portions of the army told off for special service.

poop, raised portion of ship at the stern.

cutter, small vessel with one mast.

capsized, overturned or upset.

stove in, its planks smashed in.

stern, hind part; (*bow*, fore-part).

swamped, overwhelmed, flooded with water

spars, stout poles used for masts etc.

schooner, two-masted vessel.

self-denying, unselfish.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions very briefly:—

(a) Where is the importance of Discipline seen to the best advantage? On what occasion was the lack of Discipline best illustrated? What fatal policy was pursued by the people on board the *Meduse*? What is the rule in British warships?

(b) How did the crew of the *Plover* behave under the hottest fire from the enemy? What was Nelson's signal? What does it prove?

(c) Where was the *Atalante* wrecked? Why was it wrecked? Why did the captain order twenty of the men to jump out of the pinnace? How were the rest of the crew saved? Who was the last to leave the ship? What did they save from the wrecked ship? What was the cause of perfect safety on this occasion?

(d) What kind of ship was the *Birkenhead*? How many were on board? How many of them were the ship's crew? Who were the rest? Where was the ship wrecked? Why did she become a hopeless wreck? Who was the commanding officer? What did he try to impress on the other officers? Why? What orders did the commander issue to the men? How many boats were available, and how were they used? What order did the commander give when the ship broke? Why did Col. Seton and the other officers ask their men to stand firm? How many were saved in all? Why were so few saved?

(e) What is a golden deed? What is the essence of a golden deed?

2. Describe each of the following in a paragraph of about ten lines:—

(a) The wreck of the *Atalante*.

(b) The loss of the *Birkenhead*.

3. Fill up the blanks in the following account of the loss of the *Birkenhead*:—

The Birkenhead was a — carrying — persons consisting of — and their — and — in addition to the —. At midnight, she struck some — rocks on the — coast, and — rapidly. The — were filled with women and —. The officers — their men not to — into the boats and — them. They —. They were soon — into the sea. Many — were lost. The women and children were —. Only — were saved in all.

4. Write a letter to your friend describing what you consider to be a golden deed, of which you have recently heard.

5. Write a short essay on 'The Value of Discipline'.

6. Use the following words and phrases in sentences of your own construction :—

The voice of duty ; to dwell upon ; in hand ; all eyes and ears ; intent on ; a matter of course ; treasure up ; implicitly ; like herrings in a barrel ; of course ; the works ; give way ; hold fast ; food for ; at the expense of ; at the disposal of ; throw overboard ; capsize ; forbear ; make for.

7. Change the following Negative sentences into Affirmative sentences :—

(a) Not one was lost. (b) Not more than three made the attempt. (c) No one had a full suit of clothes but an old quartermaster. (d) He saw that she could never float so loaded. (e) Their elders were not more patiently resolute than they.

8. Complete the following sentences in your own words. The words in brackets will help you :—

(a) The Birkenhead struck on a reef of sunken rocks off the African coast... (rapidity — waves — hopeless wreck).

(b) Lt. Col. Seton, calling the other officers about him, impressed on them... (necessity — order — silence).

(c) The captain's clerk had been directed to hold the chronometer in his hand... (guns — ship — shock — works — injured).

(d) A poor merry negro who held fast to his fiddle... (obliged — let go — laughter and fun — messmates).

19. A FIGHT WITH A BEAR

[This is from "*The Cloister and the Hearth*," by Charles Reade (1814-1884). It is one of the best historical novels in English literature and is the author's masterpiece. It vividly describes nearly every phase of life in the Middle Ages.

Gerard was a young Dutch scholar whose father intended him for the church. But Gerard revolted against this, having fallen in love with Margaret, a physician's daughter. The two were betrothed before witnesses, but the villainous burgomaster prevented the marriage and imprisoned Gerard. Gerard, however, escaped. Soon he left Holland and crossed the German frontier, when he fell in with Denys, a French mercenary soldier who was travelling to Burgundy. Gerard agreed to travel with him. The two, one day, met with a thrilling adventure with a fierce bear in the forest.]

One day, being in a forest a few leagues from Dusseldorf, as Gerard was walking like one in a dream, and scarce seeing the road he trod, his companion laid a hand on his shoulder, and strung his crossbow with glittering eye. "Hush!" said he, in a low whisper that startled Gerard more than thunder. Gerard grasped his axe tightly, and shook a little. He heard a rustling in the wood hard by, and at the same moment Denys sprang into the wood, and his crossbow went to his shoulder, even as he jumped. Twang! went the metal string, and after an instant's suspense he roared: "Run forward, guard the road, he is hit! he is hit!"

Gerard darted forward, and as he ran, a young bear burst out of the wood right upon him; finding itself intercepted, it went upon its hind legs with

a snarl, and though not half-grown, opened formidable jaws and long claws. Gerard, in a fury of excitement and agitation, flung himself on it, and delivered a tremendous blow on its nose with his axe, and the creature staggered; another, and it lay grovelling, with Gerard hacking it.

"Hallo! Stop! You are mad to spoil the meat."

"I took it for a robber," said Gerard, panting. "I mean, I had made ready for a robber, so I could not hold my hand."

"Ay, these chattering travellers have stuffed your head full of thieves and assassins; they have not got a real live robber in their whole nation. Nay, I'll carry the beast; bear thou my crossbow."

"We will carry it by turns then," said Gerard, "for it is a heavy load; poor thing, how its blood drips. Why did we slay it?"

"For supper and the reward the bailie of the next town shall give us."

"And for that it must die, when it had but just begun to live; and perchance it hath a mother that will miss it sore this night, and loves it as ours love us; more than mine does me."

"What! know you not that his mother was caught in a pitfall last month, and her skin is now at the tanner's? and his father was struck full of clothyard shafts t' other day, and died like Julius Cæsar, with his hands folded on his bosom, and a dead dog in each of them?"

But Gerard would not view it jestingly. "Why, then," said he, "we have killed one of God's creatures that was all alone in the world—as I am this day, in this strange land."

"You young milksop," roared Denys, "these things must not be looked at so, or not another bow would be drawn nor quarrel fly in forest nor battlefield."

Gerard did not answer, for his ear was attracted by a sound behind him. It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the dead leaves. He turned round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces' distance.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

"Denys!" he cried. "Oh, Denys!"

Denys whirled round.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

The very moment he saw it, Denys said in a sickening whisper:

"THE CUB!"

"Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes. For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the trail of blood, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, *and it.*"

DEATH!

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage): she raised her head big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

"Shoot!" screamed Denys, but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

"Shoot, man, shoot! Too late! Tree, tree!" and he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard the same on his side; and as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls, like savage creatures grazed by death.

With all their speed one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree; but the bear stopped a moment at the cub.

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all around, and found, how, her Creator only knows, that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark

and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Deny's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay.

"My hour is come," thought he. "Let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, and clenching his teeth, prepared to job the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and, running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The

bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

"Keep aloof," cried Denys; "or you are a dead man!"

"I care not;" and in a moment he had another bolt ready, and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming: "Take that, take that!"

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. "Get away, idiot!"

He was right; the bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing and struck with her forepaw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed, and climbed; and presently he heard, as it were in the air, a voice say:

"Go out on the bough!" He looked, and there was a long massive branch before him, shooting upwards at a slight angle: he threw his body across, it, and, by a series of convulsive efforts, worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round, panting.

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more

freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong: she paused; presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily; then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron. Instinct taught the creature this: it crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man; he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist, he heard a twang; he glanced down. Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on. Again the crossbow twanged, and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling; it clung, it stuck its sickles of claws deep into the wood; it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon

one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, till he felt her hot fetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump.

There was a shout of triumph below, and the very next instance a cry of dismay; for Gerard had swooned and without an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilless height. Denys caught at Gerard and somewhat checked his fall; but it may be doubted whether this alone would have saved him from breaking his neck or a limb. His best friend now was the dying bear, on whose hairy carcass his head and shoulders descended. Denys tore him off her. It was needless. She panted still, and her limbs quivered, but a hare was not so harmless, and soon she breathed her last. The judicious Denys propped Gerard up against her, and fanned him. He came to by degrees.

—Charles Reade.

NOTES

Dusseldorf, a city in Prussia on the eastern bank of the Rhine.

like one in dream, in an absent-minded manner.

glittering, sparkling with excitement.

intercepted, checked in his course. *snail*, angry growl.

grovelling, lying face downwards.

bailie, a municipal magistrate.
clothyard shafts, arrows a yard long.
hands folded etc., Julius Caesar is said to have so died.
milksop, soft, feeble minded fellow ; a spiritless youth.
so, in this sentimental fashion. *colossal*, huge.
tearing along, coming with great speed.
on a hot scent, following the trail left by the blood drops of
the cub which left a strongly smelling track on the ground.
sickening whisper, whisper so frightening as to make one
tremble and turn pale.
concentrated horror, the intensity of horror expressed by that
one word.
bristling, standing stiff and erect.
blood and flame, red and fiery with rage.
ten thousand devils, exclamation expressive of great anxiety
and impatience.
grazed by death, barely escaping death.
bloodshot, red and fiery.
yell, sharp cry of grief and anger.
reared, stood on its hind feet.
dead tree, no longer growing, rotten and with few branches.
shaft, trunk. *make short work of*, kill.
turning his back on, fleeing from. *blood, spirit*.
turned to bay, determined to face the bear and fight it at
close quarters. *like a man*, bravely.
job, stab. *vulnerable*, liable to be wounded.
sting, irritate.
his heart was . . . nerves, his affection for his friend drove out
his fear of the bear.
volley of oaths, string of oaths.
dangling, hanging loosely. *hose, stockings*.
convulsive efforts, violent heaving and scrambling.
worked up it, made his way up the bough. *bulge, swell out*.
fork, the place where the tree sent out branches

fascinated, spell-bound.

as in a mist, vaguely, as faintly as a sound heard in a fog.

palsied, paralysed. *toppled, tottered and fell.*

fetid, foul smelling. *ponderous*, heavy.

pounded etc., struck the ground with a loud noise.

dismay, terror.

caught at, held out his arms for.

came to, recovered consciousness.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—

(a) Why did Gerard attack the young bear so fiercely? How did he excuse himself for hacking the cub? How did Denys answer Gerard's question 'why did we slay the cub'? Why did Gerard regret killing the cub? With what words did Denys laugh his seriousness away? Why did Denys rebuke Gerard for being too sentimental?

(b) What was the full import of the word 'Cub' uttered by Denys in a sickening whisper? What did the two friends do when the huge mother bear rushed upon them? To what did they owe their safety at the moment? What was precisely the peril Denys was in? What did he make up his mind to do? How was the result of the fight a foregone conclusion?

(c) How did Gerard try to rescue his friend? Why did Denys urge Gerard to get away to his tree? Could Gerard reach safety before the bear was upon him? What was Denys doing when the bear crawled towards Gerard? What made the bear drop down from the tree? What happened to Gerard after the bear fell down? Why did Gerard escape almost unhurt in spite of his fall from a great height? How did Denys revive him?

2. Write a connected account, in a few paragraphs, not exceeding 25 lines, of the adventure of Denys and Gerard with the bear in the forest:

Hints: Denys in peril — Gerard to the rescue — bear rushing after Gerard — Gerard safe on his tree — bear too climbs — crawls on Gerard's bough — Gerard paralysed with horror — Denys shoots the brute — wounded and reeling — body rolls off — claws still clinging to bough — sudden shock — Gerard falls on straining paws — bear falls down — Gerard too falls down — how saved.

3. Pretend that you are Gerard, and thank Denys for having saved you from the bear.

4. Use the following words or phrases in sentences of your own construction:—

Colossal, ashy pale, grazed by death, make short work of, turn to bay, like a man, vulnerable, tongue-tied, hair standing on end, headlong.

5. Point out the function of the italicized words in the following sentences:—

- (a) A young bear burst out of the wood *right* upon him.
- (b) The mother will miss it *sore* this night.
- (c) Huge *as* she was, she seemed to double herself.
- (d) *With* all their speed, one or other would have been torn to fragments.
- (e) She reared and struck *at* him as he climbed.
- (f) Its head and neck were scarce vulnerable *for* bone and masses of hair.

(g) There was not a *live* robber in their whole nation.

6. Rewrite the following sentences using the positive degree of comparison:—

- (a) Its mother loves it *more* than my mother does me.
- (b) He climbed *faster* than his pursuer.
- (c) Gerard's heart was *better* than his nerves.
- (d) A cart horse is not *bigger* than the bear.

7. Rewrite the following sentences with the verbs in the Passive Voice:—

- (a) Bear thou my cross-bow.
- (b) Let me meet death like a man.
- (c) The bear was mounting the tree on the other side.
- (d) She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard.
- (e) He doubted whether this alone would have saved him from breaking his neck or limb.

8. Recast the following sentences using the proper idioms with the help of the words given within brackets:—

- (a) Gerard came to the rescue of his friend just at the right moment. (nick)
- (b) Denys was quite puzzled how to act. (wit — end)
- (c) Denys rebuked Gerard for looking at things so. (task — take)
- (d) He made use of his opportunity to the best advantage. (most)
- (e) He would never desert his friend in his difficulties. (leave — lurch)

20. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), was one of the wisest and greatest of the Presidents of the United States of America. Born of humble parentage, he is one of the supreme examples of self-made men. He had courage, fore-sight and humility; a great tenacity of purpose—a 'genius for expression,' which made him one of the most famous orators the world has ever known. The following essay tries to show something of the life and character of this truly noble man.

I

Abraham Lincoln came from the humblest of homes. His father was a poor carpenter, who could



neither read nor write. His mother, a gentle, thoughtful woman, taught Abraham and his little sister to read, as they sat by the rough fireplace of their log hut, on winter nights. It was from his mother, who died when he was nine years old, that

Abraham inherited his gentleness, wisdom and love of justice. But in his stepmother he found a good and sympathetic companion, who encouraged his love of books, and made the way easy for him, when he wished to study.

Abraham had little education, as we think of it. Schools were rare in his time, and his family never stayed long in one place, but moved on to new settlements where a carpenter might find work. They were always on the very edge of civilisation, and though Abraham went altogether to five schools, in these little backwood settlements, he had not a whole year's schooling. Books were few, and Abraham devoured them, wherever he went. It was said that there was never a book for fifty miles round his home that he had not borrowed and read. He owned one book, and that came to him by an accident. He had borrowed it, 'A Life of Washington,' from a distant friend, and as it lay on the table in Lincoln's home, the rain had come through the leaking roof, and ruined it. Lincoln had no money to buy a new copy, but he paid for it in daily labour, and when he had finished, the book stained and stuck together as it was, was his.

As a young man, Lincoln spent part of his time helping his father in the carpenter's shop, and part of it as a labourer. In the western states of America new townships were quickly springing to life, and there was much to be done by willing

hands. Young Lincoln was ready for any work. He felled trees, ploughed up new land, hewed wood for building, or ferried people across the river, with equal cheerfulness. He was a young giant, black-haired, grey-eyed, and was famous for his skill in games and feats of strength, but more famous still for his love of fair-play. He was courteous too, and gentle with all women.

Round the log cabin where they lived, was a patch of land in which, one year, young Lincoln raised a large crop of potatoes. Pleased with his success, the lad built a flat-bottomed river boat, and took his crop to a neighbouring town to sell. There, a man employed him to take a cargo of bacon in his boat, to New Orleans, a distance of 1,800 miles.

It was in New Orleans that Lincoln first saw a slave market. A young mulatto girl was being sold, and her purchaser examined her, just as he would a horse. Lincoln turned away, sick with shame and anger. Never before had he realised the meaning of slavery, and this moment in the slave market was one that changed the course of American history.

When he had delivered his cargo of bacon, Lincoln looked round for more work. He found it in the general store in New Salem, Illinois, where he sold anything and everything to the inhabitants of this new little town. He was not very busy, for there were not more than a hundred people in New Salem. Lincoln spent his spare minutes studying

grammar behind the counter, trying to put right the faults of his speech, for he had determined one day to enter political life. In New Salem he met Ann Rutledge, to whom he was betrothed, but she died of fever before they could be married. Lincoln bore his sorrow bravely, and although he married, later on, he did not find in his wife the complete unity of ambition and purpose that he had found in Ann Rutledge.

The next few years saw many changes in the life of Lincoln. He fought against the Red Indians, who often swooped down on remote white settlements. He returned to storekeeping, but he and his partner became bankrupt. Lincoln paid off all their debts, though it took him fifteen years to do it. He became village postmaster, and read books of law in his spare time. He qualified as country surveyor, but continued to read law, and at length, at the age of twenty-five, was called to the bar.

Now was the time to realise his political ambitions. He stood for and was elected to the Illinois State Assembly, where he served from 1834 to 1842. Then, growing tired of provincial politics, he decided to try for Congress. In the same year he married Mary Todd, a lady of good family who had an ambition to shine, socially, in the capital. She had not the depth of understanding to sympathise with Lincoln's unselfish aims. Both Lincoln and his new wife were disappointed at his failure to gain a

seat in Congress at once. But after four years he succeeded, and in 1846 the family moved to Washington.

Lincoln's first term in Congress was a trial of his strength. He had never before met anyone with greater powers than his own. He saw at once that his training for public service was not complete, so he went back for a time to Illinois, to work hard at law. He used his office as advocate to settle, and not to stir up quarrels: he became a peacemaker, known for his justice and fair-play, all through Illinois, and even further afield than that.

II

At this time, feeling was rising high with regard to the problem of slavery. The Southern States, which grew large quantities of cotton, needed slave labour for their fields. But in the North the people saw the wrong and shame of slavery, and wished to banish it from America at any cost. It is true that many slaves were happy and well treated, but that did not alter the fact that they were slaves, human beings to be bought and sold. Many people in the North were ready to go to war on the question. Lincoln, for his part, saw all the evils of slavery, and knew that it must end, but he wished to abolish it gradually, and by law. His was the reasonable way. The Southern States were hot-headed, however. They said they had a right to their slaves

and would be ruined if the slaves were freed. So they decided to break away from the North, and form a union of their own. The North declared that the South had no right to leave the Union. The South replied by attacking one of the State Forts.

It was in the midst of this turmoil that Lincoln, now back again in Congress, was elected its President. The cruel and difficult task of leadership in a civil war fell to his lot. As President of Congress, he upheld its constitution; denied the right of the Southern States to leave the Union, and declared "that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The North had no success in the war, at first. They were fighting for an ideal, but the South was fighting for its wealth and possessions, and it fought fiercely. Again and again, Lincoln's armies suffered defeat, but he went on, doggedly. He never lost faith in the cause of freedom, and as President, he issued a proclamation, in 1862, freeing all slaves in the United States. Three years later, the war was over, and every human being in the United States was free in actual fact. Lincoln had not shrunk from his great task, but he had felt to the full his responsibility in the civil war. With the whole nation he mourned for the men who had fallen.

The ideals with which Lincoln sought to rebuild the nation were expressed in the famous speech which he made at the dedication of a great soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg, where a battle had been fought.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure

of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In the spring of 1865 the war was at an end. Lee, the Southern leader, and a very gallant gentleman, surrendered with the whole of his army. The terms of the surrender were signed on April 9th : by April 11th, Lincoln was back in Washington working at schemes for the rebuilding of the life of the United States. It was Good Friday on April 14th, and that day was kept by everyone as a day of thanksgiving and remembrance. Lincoln rejoiced with his people. He spent most of the day with his little son, and in the evening they went with some friends to the theatre. In the middle of the play, the door of the President's box burst open and a mad man rushed in. Before anyone realised what was happening, he shot Lincoln through the head, and slashing with a dagger at those in his way, leapt on to the stage and escaped. Lincoln died within a few hours. He had given his life for the freedom of the Negroes of America, and he would have been the last to think the price too dear.

Lincoln's last Presidential Address, in 1865, sums up his purposes in governing a great country : "With malice toward none ; with charity for all ;

with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right;—let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

A very famous British poet and historian has written of him, using words spoken by a friend at Lincoln's death-bed: "Yesterday he was America's.—Now he is the world's.—Now he belongs to the ages."

NOTES

I

log hut, hut made of logs of wood.

backwood, forest or partly cleared ground remote from centres of population.

devoured, read with avidity.

feats of strength, at 19 he was known to lift and carry a quarter of a ton, and to take up under his arms two logs while some friends were discussing whether they could lift them between them.

fair-play, equal conditions for all.

cargo, freight or load of boat or ship.

bacon, cured back and sides of pig.

mulatto girl, a girl with a yellowish brown complexion, offspring of a white man and a negro woman.

betrothed, bound with a promise to marry.

swooped, made a sudden attack.

bankrupt, insolvent; ruined financially.

called to the bar, admitted as a barrister.

Congress, national legislative body of U. S. A.

depth, understanding, insight.

II

hot-headed, rash.

break away, secede, separate themselves from.

turmoil, agitation, trouble.

upheld, supported, maintained as right.

inalienable, that cannot be given away or disposed of even if one wishes.

doggedly, obstinately.

dedication, consecration ; devoting to a special use.

soldiers' cemetery, a national burial ground for soldiers : A monument was raised here for the soldiers fallen in the battle. This memorial, with a statue of Liberty, rises on the edge of the hill, since known as the Cemetery Hill.

four score and seven years ago, i.e., 4th July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was published.

a new nation, the American nation.

conceived in liberty, born of the desire for liberty.

proposition, truth or principle.

endure, live ; last.

hallow, make holy.

detract, take away.

the great task . . . us, i.e., winning the war and abolishing slavery.

take increased devotion etc., be inspired by their example to fight for the noble cause for which they died.

last full measure of devotion, i.e., death.

under God, subject to the will of God.

malice, ill-will.

bind up, heal.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

How did Abraham Lincoln learn to read? How did he manage to satisfy his love of books? How did he come to possess a book of his own? What work did he do as a young man? Why did he go to New Orleans? What did he see there? Why was his visit to the slave-market important? What did Lincoln do at New Salem? How did he employ his spare time? What sorrow befell him at New Salem? What state posts did he hold? When did Lincoln remove to Washington? Why did he come back to Illinois? What kind of lawyer was he? What was his attitude towards slavery? Why did the Southern States secede from the Union? What responsibility had Lincoln during the Civil War? How did the war end? What questions were settled by the war? How did Lincoln meet his death?

2. Write a connected account of the American Civil War in not more than ten lines :—

Hints : Causes — who began the war — first reverses of the Northern States — causes — Lincoln's doggedness in spite of defeat — the proclamation — end of war — result.

3. Give briefly, in your own words, the substance of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg.

4. Learn by heart Lincoln's last Presidential Speech.

5. Making use of the following outline, describe in one paragraph the scene of Lincoln's murder :—

April 14 — day of thanksgiving and remembrance — rejoicing in the city — gay crowds at the theatre — decoration of President's box — entrance of Lincoln with friends — middle of the play — door of Lincoln's box opens — a mad man enters — Lincoln shot through the head — slashing of those in the way — leaps on to stage — escapes.

6. The ancient Romans said that there were kinds of tools — tools that were silent, e. g. plough that half spoke, e. g., animals, and tools that spoke slaves.

What would be Lincoln's opinion of this ?

7. Convert the following simple sentences into sentences as directed :—

(a) His mother, a gentle, thoughtful woman, Abraham to read (with an adjective clause).

(b) Lincoln had no money for a new copy of the Bible (with an adverb clause)

(c) Lincoln helped to free all slaves. (with an adjective clause)

(d) Having delivered his cargo of bacon, Lincoln went round for more work. (with an adverb clause)

(e) In New Orleans Lincoln first saw a slave (with a noun clause)

(f) Growing tired of provincial politics, he decided to try for Congress. (with an adverb clause)

(g) With the whole nation he mourned for the fallen soldiers. (with an adjective clause)

8. Re-write the following without the negative

(a) There was never a book for fifty miles round his home that he had not borrowed and read.

(b) That did not alter the fact that they were slaves.

(c) He never lost faith in the cause of freedom.

(d) The world can never forget what they did for him.

(e) Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

POETRY

1. THE DAFFODILS

[This is one of the most graceful and well-known of Wordsworth's shorter lyrics. It records the impression made by the sudden sight of 'a host of golden daffodils' in one of his walks, and the thoughts suggested by the sight. Wordsworth is a Nature poet, and feels joy in the contemplation of Nature. He lived in the Lake District of England where there are many high mountains and beautiful lakes. This poem is the result of a vivid emotion, whose influence remained long after the daffodils were dead. Thus, the wonderful sight of the daffodils was a great treasure to Wordsworth, filling his lonely hours with joy.]

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay : 10
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee ;
A Poet could not but be gay 15
In such a jocund company !

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood, 20
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils. 24

Line

3 *crowd*, used only in reference to persons, but, by a poetical licence, it is here used in reference to flowers.

4 *golden*, yellow in colour; on the margin of Ullswater a long belt of daffodils 'tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake.'

7 *continuous*, close together; endless.

8 *Milky Way*, a broad luminous zone in the night sky, so thickly studded with stars as to appear almost white; they are fixed stars, too far away to be seen by the naked eye.

10 *margin*, shore. *bay*, part of the lake which curves into the land in a semicircle.

11 *ten thousand*, a very large number; a definite number used in an indefinite sense. *at a glance*, in one view; one sweep of the eye over the landscape.

12 *sprightly*, lively; the golden daffodils waving in the breeze are compared to golden-haired lasses dancing gaily. What is the figure of speech?

14 *outdid*, surpassed, excelled.

16 *jocund*, merry.

18 *wealth*, i. e., of joy; store of happiness. *show*, view.

- 20 *in vacant or in pensive mood*, either thinking vague and dull, or even melancholy thoughts.
- 21 *inward eye*, memory, imagination; 'the power of the mind, to bring up images of what has been seen.'
- 22 *which is the bliss of solitude*, imagination turns a time of loneliness and melancholy into a time of pure joy. The scene of the golden daffodils suddenly flashes before his mind and cheers his lonely moments.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—Where was the poet walking when he saw the daffodils? To what does he compare himself? To what does he compare the long line of daffodils? What is the Milky Way? What is it made up of? Why can we not see the stars in it? What kind of light does it give? Why does the poet speak of the sight as 'wealth'? What is the 'inward eye'? Why is it the 'bliss of solitude'?
2. What is the picture presented by the poem? Pick out what you consider the best lines in the poem. Explain the idea contained in the lines in your own words.
3. 'I gazed—and gazed—but little thought.' What is the purpose of repetition in this line?
4. Give the substance of the last verse in your own words.
5. (a) Write sentences using 'host' in different meanings.
(b) Write sentences using 'but' as an adverb, preposition and co-ordinating conjunction.
(c) Write sentences to illustrate the difference in meaning between: *beside* and *besides*; *a little* and *little*.
6. (a) What is the figure of speech employed in lines 1—2; 7—8?
(b) Point out the figure of speech in: dance in glee · toss their head; jocund company.

7. Give the part of speech and construction of the following words:—as (1); cloud (1); host (4); dancing (6); continuous (7); twinkle (8); but (13); what (18); oft (19); solitude (22).

8. Rewrite the following sentences as directed:—

- (a) A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company. (Introduce 'help'.)
 - (b)but (I) little thought.
What wealth the show to me had brought.
(Change the voice of the verbs.)
 - (c) The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee.
(Turn into a simple sentence.)
 - (d) They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.
(Turn into a complex sentence.)
-

2. SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

[This fine little poem of *Arthur Hugh Clough* (1819—1861) teaches the lesson of *perseverance* and *hopefulness*. We must not judge by appearances. Though our own hopes have failed, yet others may have achieved success.

We are not solitary workers, but a part of the great army of mankind. Though individually we make little progress, yet mankind as a whole advances steadily.]

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars; 5
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking, 10
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;
 In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly! 15
 But westward, look, the land is bright!

—A. H. Clough.

NOTES

Line

- 1 *The struggle*, against evil. *naught availeth*, is of no use.
- 2 *wounds*, pain and suffering caused by disappointments or failures.
- 3 *enemy*, evil in the world. *faints not*, shows no sign of weakness.
- 4 *as things have been etc.*, the world continues to remain as full of evil as ever.
- 5 *were dupes*, were mistaken. *may be liars*, may be equally wrong.
- 6 *smoke*, i.e., from the guns; the smoke prevents the soldier from seeing the flight of the enemy.
- 7 *fliers*, enemies in retreat.
- 8 *possess the field*, are victorious.
- 9 *the tired waves*, i. e., tired by dashing against the shore without getting any further.

- 10 *no painful inch to gain*, to advance not in spite of their painful efforts. (transferred to
 11 *creeks*, short arms of rivers. *inlets*, short arms
 12 *flooding in*, pouring in, filling. *the main*
 15 *in front*, eastward; the picture is of a
 sunrise through a window facing the east.
climbs slow, seems to rise very slowly.
 16 *westward etc.*, if you look to the west, you
 light has spread all over the land.

EXERCISES

1. Say not the struggle naught availeth.
 Write out in the affirmative, and explain.

2. How does the poet comment on the *pessimistic* life?

(*Pessimism*, is the doctrine that the world is in a possible condition, and that all things tend to a tendency to look only on the dark side of things.)

3. Describe in your own words the image of battle. What truth does the poet illustrate by it?

Hints:—Soldier fighting fierce battle — *winning* advantage gained — enemy seems as strong as a whole winning — does not know it — *small* distant view.

4. Describe in your own words the magnificence of the waves breaking upon the shore and point out what it seeks to express.

Hints:—waves ceaselessly breaking on shore — *winning* gained in one place — elsewhere sea advances — *creeks and inlets* — individual seems to fail — *different* ruth different — progress of mankind as a whole — *individual* not aware of it.

5. Write the answers to the following questions connected paragraph:—

How does the sun climb up the sky? *Why*

inclined to think when you look through an eastern window ? What do you see when you get a wider view ? What do you think of your individual effort in the struggle for progress ? Are you right in this view ? What is really happening ?

6. Give the substance of lines 9—16 in your own words.

7. Analyse stanza 1 into clauses and give the construction of each clause.

8. Write five or six lines expanding the idea contained in the following:—

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars.

9. Give the part of speech and construction of:—
as (4) ; concealed (6) ; breaking (9) ; inch (10) ; making (11) ;
silent (12) ; main (12) ; only (13) ; slow (15) ; westward (16).

10. Write sentences using '*only*' as an adjective, an adverb, and a conjunction.

3. COLUMBUS

[*Joaquin Miller* is the name under which Cincinnatus Heine Miller, an American author, wrote his poems. This little poem teaches the lesson of fortitude and perseverance. Christopher Columbus was an Italian, born in Genoa. Under the patronage and with the support of the King and Queen of Spain, who gave him only three little ships, Columbus sailed westward over the Atlantic Ocean, in order to reach India by a western route (1492). Undaunted by a voyage of three long months, by mutiny among his superstitious sailors, and by uncertainty of success, Columbus sailed on till he discovered, — not India as he thought — but the islands fringing the continent of America, since called the West Indies. This poem shows his great tenacity of purpose.]

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules!
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'" 5

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt waves washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'" 10 15

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!" 20

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn, 25 30

He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

NOTES

Line

- 1 *Azores*, a group of islands near the north-west coast of Africa.
- 2 *the Gates of Hercules*, the straits of Gibraltar.
- 3 *not the ghost of shores*, not a trace of land.
- 5 *mate*, officer on merchantship, who sees that the captain's orders are carried out, and takes command in his absence.
- 6 *are gone*, are invisible.
- 7 *what shall I say?* i.e., to the discontented sailors.
- 10 *ghastly wan*, pale as ghosts.
- 11 & 12 *spray of salt waves*, some flying drops of salt water from the sea. *swarthy cheek*, sun-tanned face.
- 14 *sight naught*, see nothing.
- 17 *as winds might blow*, according to the direction of the winds.
- 18 *blanched*, pale.
- 21 *forget their way*, lose their way: are lost in the vast waste of ocean.
- 26 & 27 *peered*, strained his eyes to look through the darkness. *that night...nights*, that night seemed the darkest of all dark nights, for he did not know what would happen in the morning.
- a speck*, a small point.
- 29 *a starlit flag unfurled*, a reference to the stars and stripes of the U. S. A. flag of later days.
- 30 *Time's burst of dawn*, the dawn of a new era in the history of the world.
- 31 *gained a world*, discovered a new world—America.
- 32 *On! sail on!* persevere patiently and with a will. This is the lesson of the poem.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

Who was Columbus? Where was he sailing? Where did his ships now lie? What did the mate say to the Admiral? What was the reply of Columbus? How did the sailors behave? Was Columbus anxious? What did he do that night? Why is that night said to be the darkest of all nights? What did Columbus see that night? How does the poet describe that speck of light? What did Columbus gain in that voyage? What lesson did he teach to the new world?

2. Give in the words of Columbus the representation made to him by the mate on behalf of the sailors.

3. Explain the following :—the ghost of shores; shoreless seas; ghastly wan; swarthy cheek; as winds might blow; these very winds forget their way.

4. Explain the idea contained in each of the following in not more than five lines :—

(a) It grew, a starlit flag unfurled.

(b) It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.

5. Give the part of speech and the construction of :—
ghost (3); only (4); what (7); mutinous (9);
but (14); dead (20); night (26).

6. Pick out the complements in the following sentences and say what kind of complement each is :—

(a) My men grow mutinous day by day.

(b) It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.

(c) He gave that world an example which is its grandest lesson.

(d) My men grow ghastly wan and weak.

(e) We have made him what he is.

4. DEATH THE LEVELLER

[*James Shirley* (1596—1666), was the last of the great Elizabethan dramatists. This poem is taken from his play, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. It is a funeral song sung by Calchas before the body of Ajax. The death of the great Greek hero starts a train of reflections on the short-lived nature of all earthly power and greatness.]

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:

Sceptre and Crown 5
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill : 10
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still :

Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath 15
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See, where the victor-victim bleeds : 20

Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

—J. Shirley.

NOTES

This poem treats of a common subject—the short-lived nature of human glory and power, and the equality of all men in the grave.

Line

1-8: *Prince and peasant, high and low—all must die.*

1 *glories*, proud distinctions. *blood*, noble lineage.
state, high official rank.

2 *shadows*, unreal things.

3 *armour*, defence or protection. *fate*, death.

4 *Death lays his icy hand on kings*, even kings must die; death is personified. The body of a dead man is chill and cold, and this is imagined to be the result of Death laying his icy hands on the man.

5 *sceptre and crown*, emblems or signs of kingly power, used for 'powerful kings'; when the sign is used for the thing signified, the figure of speech called '*metonymy*' is employed.

8 *scythe and spade*, emblems of the poor peasants; both prince and peasant must lie in the same lowly grave.

9-16: *Even the greatest warriors cannot conquer Death.*

9 *Reap the field*, reap a harvest of glory; win distinctions in war.

10 *plant fresh laurels etc.*, obtain new glories.

where they kill, i.e., in the battlefield by the slaughter they commit. A warrior winning laurels in the battlefield by killing men is compared to a farmer gathering harvest in the field by reaping corn; the winning of fame is compared to planting; the figure here is *metaphor*.

Line

- laurels*, mark of victory; a crown of laurel leaves was given to the victor in games in ancient Greece.
- 11 *strong nerves...yield*, however strong they may be, they will be subdued by death.
- 12 *tame*, conquer.
- 14 *stoop*, submit.
- 15 *murmuring breath*, the fast-failing breath of a dying man.
- 16 *pale*, because they are dying. *captives*, of death.
creep to death, sink into the grave. *creep* suggests their unwillingness to die; or the long illness slowly leading to death, or the slow feebleness of old age.
- 17-24 : *The good deeds of righteous men alone live and earn immortal fame.*
- 17 *garlands wither*, glory fades away; is forgotten quickly. Metaphor: just as a crown of laurels fades away, so also glory is forgotten.
- 18 *boast*, be vain of.
- 19 *purple altar*, Death is spoken of as a God, and dying men as victims sacrificed to him.
purple, stained with the blood of victims offered on it.
- 20 *victor-victim*, the victor over other men now becomes himself the victim of death; this is a good example of 'Oxymoron' i.e., apparent contradiction. *bleeds*, is sacrificed.
- 24 *smell sweet and blossom*, the memory of good deeds is compared to fragrant flowers; note figure. The virtuous deeds of righteous men live sweetly in our memories after their death, like flowers blossoming on their graves.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—

What glories do men esteem highly? How does death treat king and peasant? When do great conquerors become

captives? Who is a greater conquerer than they? mighty deeds of great warriors cannot save them from Why? What will earn immortal fame?

2. What is the central idea of the poem? In each verse elaborate this idea?

3. Why is death called the Leveller?

4. What is your general feeling when you read the poem? What two lines of the poem relieve this? How is this done?

5. What two things are placed in contrast in the poem?

6. In this poem the poet uses the concrete example of the abstract word; e.g., *armour* for defence or protection. Collect a few more examples.

7. Explain the figure of speech in the following. Bring out the points of comparison:—

(a) Death lays his icy hands on kings.

(b) Sceptre and Crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

(c) Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill.

(d) The garlands wither on your brow.

(e) Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds.

(f) Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

8. Rewrite the sentences in Question 7 above, in plain language, removing the figure.

9. Give the part of speech and construction of:—
shadows (2); no (3); equal (7); but (12);
captives (16); only (23).

5. A PSALM OF LIFE

[This is the best known poem of *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, an American poet (1807—1882). Longfellow gives an optimistic picture of life, which, he says, is not a mere waiting for death. Though the body is mortal yet the soul is immortal. We should live in such a way as to strengthen and invigorate the eternal life in our souls.

Pleasure and avoidance of pain are not the true objects of life. It is vain to regret the past or rely on the future. We are sure of the present, and we must do our duty to-day with courage, and confidence in God.

The poet also emphasizes the influence of the example of the lives of great men. His final exhortation is: 'be up and doing; strive always; leave the result to God'.]

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

5

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

10

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints, on the sands of time:—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

—H. W. Long

NOTES

Line

- 1 *Psalm*, a sacred song. *numbers*, verses.
- 2 *empty dream*, unreal thing ; illusion.
- 3 *is dead*, is in danger of death ; the soul that is not awake and striving might as well not exist.
- 4 *things.....seem*, appearances are deceptive ; *i.e.*, life may appear an empty dream ; but it is not really so.
- 5 *Earnest*, serious.
- 6 *goal*, end, destination.
- 7 '*Dust thou art, etc.*' quotation from Ecclesiastics XII. v. 7, in the Old Testament ; man is made of dust, and when he dies, he again becomes dust.
- 8 *not spoken of the soul*, for the soul is immortal ; it is true only of the body.
- 10 *Our destined end or way*, the purpose of life.
- 11 *to act that*, to act in such a way that...
- 12 *farther etc.*, advancing towards success in some way ; *i.e.* on the road of duty and righteousness.
- 13 *Art is long...fleeing*, the work we choose to do will last for ever, but we have only a limited span of life in which to achieve greatness.
- 15 *muffled drums*, at a soldier's funeral, drums are covered with cloth so that, when beaten, the sound may be deadened and made more solemn.
- 16 *funeral marches*, solemn mournful music at a funeral procession. Every beat of our hearts, like the sound of muffled drums, brings us a moment nearer to death.
- 18 *Bivouac*, encampment of soldiers for the night in the open air ; an American-Indian word.
- 19 *dumb driven cattle*, cattle driven without protest where the driver pleases.
- 20 *be a hero*, take an active, brave, and intelligent part in life.
- 22 *Let the dead Past bury its dead*, a quotation from St. Matthew, ch. IX, v. 21, 22.—do not waste time in useless regrets over the past.

- t within*, with courage in your heart.
God o'erhead, with confidence in God.
- 26 *Sublime*, remarkable; exalted.
- 27 *departing*, when we die.
- 28 *footprints on the sands of time*, an example which others may follow.
- 30 *Main*, sea.
- 31 *forlorn*, who has lost hope.
shipwrecked brother, one who has failed in life.
- 32 *take heart*, find courage; he need not despair; from the example of the lives of great men of the past, he will gain courage and correct his past mistakes, and may yet succeed.
- 33 *be up and doing*, be active.
- 34 *with a heart...fate*, prepared to meet whatever life has in store for us.
- 35 *still achieving*, always doing something.
still pursuing, always striving after some good end.
- 36 *to wait*, to be patient; let us patiently await the results of our labour.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—What view of life does Longfellow give in the poem? What is the true goal of life? What must be our real aim in life? How does the poet emphasize the need for quick action? To what does the poet compare the world and the men struggling in it? When should men act, and how? What is the importance of the lives of great men? What is the lesson of the poem?

2. Describe in your own words what the poet considers an ideal life in this world.

3. Give in your own words the picture of a shipwrecked traveller and the lesson conveyed by it.

Hints: cast on desert island—despair—foot-prints on sand—knows some one has been there—takes heart—strives

to escape—fellow-creature—failed in life—cheered by our example—tries again—succeeds.

4. (a) Give the meaning of:—mournful numbers; destined end; muffled drums; funeral marches; bivouac of life; dumb driven cattle; life's solemn main; take heart.

(b) Explain freely:—

i. The soul is dead that slumbers. ii. Things are not what they seem. iii. Be a hero in the strife. iv. Let the dead past bury its dead. v. Heart within, and God o'er head. vi. With a heart for any fate.

5. Explain the following with reference to the context:—

(a) Stanza 4. (b) Stanza 5.

6. Give in your own words the substance of stanzas 7 and 8.

7. Explain the figures of speech in the following:—

(a) Life is but an empty dream.

(b) And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

(c) In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!

8. Explain the foot-print metaphor bringing out clearly the points of comparison.

9. Give the part of speech and construction of:—

But (2); that (3); what (4); was spoken (8); than (12); marches (16); like (19); all (25); sublime (26); departing (27); seeing (32).

10. Say whether each of the italicized words in the following is a participle or gerund:—

(a) Act in the *living* present.

(b) Let us then be up and *doing*.

With a heart for any fate.

Still *achieving*, still *pursuing*.

Learn to labour and to wait.

(c) On their *departing*, they leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.

(d) As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From *wandering* on a foreign strand.

(e) I have another reason for *refraining* from *shooting*.

11. Fill in from memory the words left out in the following lines :—

(a) Lives of—men all—us	(b) In the world's broad field of—
We can make our lives—	In the—of life,
And,—leave behind us	Be not like—, —cattle!
—on the—of time.	Be a—in the strife.

12. Analyse fully :—

Tell me not in mournful numbers,

Life is but an empty dream.

6. LOCHINVAR

[This is a song which occurs in Canto V of Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion'. It was sung by Lady Heron at the Court of James IV King of Scotland. Lochinvar Castle, in *Kirkcudbrightshire*, in the south-west of Scotland, was the family-seat of the Gordons. The chief of the Gordon clan was called Lochinvar.]

During the time of border warfare, Lochinvar, a young Scottish Knight, fell in love with Ellen of Netherby Hall; but Ellen's father, an English lord of Northumberland would not consent to their marriage, and Ellen was betrothed to some one else. On Ellen's wedding day, Lochinvar suddenly appeared, and asked to be allowed to dance with her for the last time. This request was granted. In the course of the dance, Lochinvar contrived to carry off Ellen on his horse which stood at the door.]

O! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, 5
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eске river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late; 10
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among brides-men, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide-20
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink but one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
 'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, 'Twere better by far,
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung ! 40
 'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, 45
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*Scott.*

NOTES

Line

- 2 *Border*, the border land between England and Scotland,
 where for hundreds of years there was constant raiding
 and warfare.

broadsword, broad-bladed two-edged sword.

- 5 *dauntless*, fearless.
- 7 *staid*, stopped.
brake, thicket.
- 8 *the Eske*, a river flowing into the Solway Firth.
ford, shallow place where the river could be crossed by wading through it.
- 9 *Netherby gate*, gate of Netherby Hall, in the north of England, near Carlisle; it was the seat of the Graemes.
- 10 *gallant*, handsome young lover.
- 11 *laggard in love*, a timid lover; a man of feeble affection.
dastard, coward.
- 16 *craven*, cowardly.
- 18 *bridal*, wedding.
- 20 *Solway*, the Solway Firth is a shallow arm of the sea between England and Scotland on the west. It is noted for its rapid tides.

Just as the tides of Solway Firth rise and fall suddenly, his former ardent love for Ellen has cooled down suddenly. He says this to calm the fears of her father, and to deceive the company.

- 21 *lost love of mine*, lady-love who is now lost to me.
- 22 *lead but one measure*, dance one dance only.
- 26 *quaffed off*, drank.
- 29 *bar*, prevent (him from so doing)
- 30 *tread a measure*, dance.
- 32 *galliard*, a lively dance by two persons.
- 33 *did fret and fume*, were vexed or annoyed.
- 34 *dangling*, playing with. *bonnet*, cap.
- 36 *matched with*, married to.
- 39 *croupe*, back of the horse behind the saddle.
- 41 *scaur*, steep rocky bank.
- 44 *Forsters etc.*, some of the chief families in the north of England.

- 45 *Cannobie Lee*, a parish on the Scottish side of the border known as Gretna Green, where many run-away marriages took place in those days.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in not more than two sentences :—

- (a) Why did Lochinvar ride all unarmed and all alone ?
- (b) How did he ride to Netherby, and why ?
- (c) What had happened to Ellen before Lochinvar arrived ?
- (d) What did Ellen's father ask Lochinvar, and what was Lochinvar's reply ?
- (e) How did Lochinvar calm the fears of Ellen's father and deceive the company ?
- (f) How did Ellen indicate her love for Lochinvar and her regret that it was thwarted by her father ?
- (g) Give two instances of Lochinvar's great daring.

2. Describe in the words of Lochinvar himself how he won his bride (10 lines).

3. Fill up the blanks in the following account of Lochinvar:—

A young — knight — in marriage the daughter of an — lord dwelling at —. He was — in love, and — in war. His suit was — though the maiden — him. She was — to another who was a — in love and a — in war. On the day of the —, Lochinvar arrived at the feast, and under — of bidding the bride —, carried her off on —.

4. Give the part of speech and construction of:—
save (3); none (3); all (4); late (10); hand (15); but (22);
bride (24); hall (32); touch (37).

5. Give in your own words the substance of lines 31-36.

- 35 *fawn*, flatter.
 36 *loathe*, detest. *end*, death.
 37 *weigh their pleasure...lust*, imagine that pleasure consists in the satisfaction of their sensuous desires.
 38 *rage of will*, wisdom consists in their power to get their own way.
 39 *only trust*, the end and aim of life.
 40 *cloaked craft*, cunning disguised; the boasted intelligence of many people is simply cunning concealed.
 44 *chief defence*, strongest protection.
 46 *breed*, cause; I do not wish to offend others by deceit.
 47 *will I die*, I intend to die.
 48 *would*, I wish.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in not more than two complete sentences:—(a) Why does the poet compare his mind to a kingdom? (b) What worldly temptations does he poet shun? (c) What cares beset men of wealth and power? (d) How does the poet triumph like a king? (e) Those who have plenty are often poor while the poet is rich with little. Explain how. (f) What is the poet's view of life and death? (g) What kind of life would the poet like to live?

2. Write the answers to the following questions in a connected paragraph:—How do some people regard 'pleasure'? What is 'wisdom' according to others? What, according to me, is the end and aim of life? What, in reality, is the boasted intelligence of some people? In what does the poet find his greatest pleasure?

3. Write two paragraphs, one describing the cares and worries of a worldly man, and the other treating of the happiness of a contented man.

4. Give the meaning of the following: grows by kind; salve a sore; yield as thrall; surfeits; bear haughty swain; loathe; rage of will; cloaked craft; chief defence; offence.

5. Give briefly the substance of verses 7 and 8 in your own words.

6. Point out any peculiarities of idiom, grammar, or usage in the following :—

(a) It excels all other bliss that earth affords or grows by kind.

(b) Though much I want that most would have.

(c) To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

(d) I see that those which are aloft...

(e) Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice.

(f) I grudge not at another's gain.

(g) I fear no foe, I fawn no friend.

7. Give the part of speech and construction of :—
such (2); to crave (6); to feed (10); content (19); but (27);
only (39); craft (40); store (40); defence (44); to breed (46).

8. Say whether the italicized words in the following are Relative Adverbs or Relative Pronouns. Give the construction of each :—

(a) Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other things,
That earth affords.

(b) I see *that* those *which* are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.

(c) Look! *what* I lack my mind supplies.

(d) But all the pleasure *that* I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

9. Arrange the following in verse form with proper marks of punctuation and capital letters :—

i press to bear no haughtly sway look what i lack my
mind supplies lo thus i triumph like a king content with that
my mind doth bring.

8. ON HIS BLINDNESS

[*John Milton* is one of the greatest names in English literature. He is the famous author of the great religious epic, 'Paradise Lost.' In this beautiful sonnet, Milton mourns the loss of his sight, the more because he feels it his destiny to serve God with his genius as a poet.]

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest He returning chide,—

Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
 I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best 10
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

—*John Milton.*

NOTES

Line

- 1 *my light is spent*, my sight is gone; I have become blind;
- 2 *ere half my days*, supply 'are spent'; the Bible gives the age of man as 'three score and ten.' Milton began to lose his sight when he was 36 years of age, and became totally blind when he was 44 years old (1652).
- 3 *that one talent*, allusion to the parable of the talents. A certain rich lord went away to foreign lands leaving some

talents (a sum of money) to his servants. When he returned, he asked them how they had used their talents. Two of them traded with their talents and doubled them. The third who had received only one talent, had buried it in the ground. The lord was angry with him for not having used his talent for profit to himself and his master, and cast him into outer darkness. The talent given to Milton by God was his *poetic genius*. Milton compares himself to the servant who received only one talent.

- 3 *death to hide*, it is spiritual death not to employ his talent to the best advantage.
- 4 *useless*, for his blindness would prevent him from writing.
- 5 & 6 *present my true account*, give a correct and satisfactory account of what was entrusted to his care.
- 7 *day-labour*, daily work. *light denied*, light being denied; when I am denied the power of sight.
- 8 *fondly*, foolishly; *prevent*, anticipate, forestall (primary sense).
- 10 *His own gifts*, the poetic gift to Milton; *who*, they who;
- 11 *mild yoke*, easy rule;
- 11 & 12 *His state is kingly*, He is a great king. *thousands*, men and angels; 13 *post*, hasten;
- 14 *they also serve etc*, an oft quoted line; it expresses Milton's implicit obedience and calm resignation to the will of God.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences: When did Milton lose his sight? What is the one talent lodged with him? Why does he feel it means death to hide it? Why does he call his talent useless? What is his soul bent upon doing? What question did he ask of himself? What is this question expressive of? How did he answer the question himself? Who, according to Milton, serve God best?

2. What is the central idea of the sonnet?
3. Give in your own words the substance of the sonnet in about 10 lines.
4. What traits in the character of Milton are revealed in the poem?
5. 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'
 - (a) Give the context very briefly.
 - (b) Expand the idea contained in this line in five or six sentences.
6. For library work: (a) Read in the New Testament, the Gospel of St. Matthew, Ch. XXV v. 14-30. This gives the Parable of the Talents. State briefly, in not more than 10 lines, the parable of the talents. (b) Read St. John. Ch. IX. This treats of working while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work. (c) 'Mild yoke.' Read St. Matthew, Ch. XI. v. 28-30.
7. 'Who stand and wait.' Note that Milton was also waiting to serve God by writing his greatest work, *Paradise Lost*.
8. Analyse lines 1-8 and show the relation of the clauses to one another. There are nine clauses including the main clause, 'I fondly ask.' Use the tabular form, write down the clauses in full, and give their kind and construction.
9. Point out some of the peculiarities of grammar and usage noticeable in the poem.
 - (a) Supply the words omitted in lines 2 and 4.
 - (b) 'Lest He chide,' for 'lest he *should* chide.'
 - (c) *returning*, when he returns.

light denied, light being denied; if light should be denied; absolute construction used for conditional clause.

 - (d) *who*, rel. pronoun used without antecedent.
 - (e) words used in their primary sense; e.g., *prevent*, anticipate, forestall; *fondly*, foolishly

9. THE VILLAGE PREACHER

[This piece is taken from Oliver Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. It gives us a fine picture of the pastor of Sweet Auburn. Goldsmith partly took his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, the curate of Pallas, and partly his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, who accepted the curacy of Pallas after the death of his father, as models for the village preacher of Auburn.]

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear, 5
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his place:
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour; 10
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest, 15
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away; 20
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan 25
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all. 30
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid, 35
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise. 40

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man, 45
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd; 50
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

—Goldsmith.

NOTES

Line

- 1 *Copse*, a wood of young trees.
smiled, looked gay with its beautiful flowers.
- 2 *wild*, in a state of irregularity and confusion, for they
 were not cared for and cultivated by man.
- 3 *torn shrubs*, ragged and tangling bushes.
disclose, mark the spot.
- 4 *modest mansion*, humble house.
- 5 *country*, country side, neighbourhood.
- 6 *passing*, surpassingly, exceedingly.
- 7 *remote from*, far from the bustle, vices and corruption of
 town life. *ran his godly race*, led his pious life.
- 8 *had changed, etc.*, he was perfectly indifferent to
 promotion.
- 9 *fawn*, flatter.
- 10 *doctrines*, views or principles.
fashioned to, adapted to.
varying hour, changing times.
- 11 *far other*, very different; *prize*, value.
- 12 *to raise the wretched*, to bring help and comfort to the
 needy.
to rise, to better his own condition.
- 13 *vagrant train*, wandering beggars.

- 14 *child*, reproved them for their vagabond course of life.
relieved their pain, gave them alms.
- 15 *long-remembered*, because he had gone his rounds of
begging for many years, and visited the district at regular
intervals.
- 16 *swept.....breast*, flowed down the old man's breast.
- 17 *ruined spendthrift*, the man who had squandered his
money by his extravagant habits, and was reduced to
ruin. (i.e., extreme poverty and beggary).
- 18 *claimed kindred*, protested he was a relation of the
pastor.
allowed, admitted.
- 19 *broken soldier*, invalid soldier or disbanded soldier.
bade, invited.
stay, stop there for the night.
- 20 *talked the night away*, spent the whole night in telling
his experiences.
- 21 *done*, being ended.
- 22 *shouldered*, brought it to the shoulder as if it were a
musket.
crutch, stick with cross-piece at the top to support the
lame in walking.
- 23 *learned to glow*, became gradually excited and animated
by the marvels he heard.
- 24 *forgot..... woe*, pity for their sufferings made him forget
their vices.
- 25 *scan*, look into carefully.
- 26 *his pity.....began*, he took pity on them and relieved their
distresses without pausing to consider whether they were
frauds or not; note that *pity* is the spontaneous impulse
of compassion, whereas *charity* is the disposition to
help the poor under the guidance of reason.
- 28 *failings*, weaknesses.

- leaned to virtue's side*, were of the nature of virtues;
he had only 'good faults'.
- 29 *in his duty*, as a clergyman.
at every call, when summoned by the sick and dying.
- 31 *endearment*, act of tenderness.
- 32 *offspring*, young ones.
tempt to the skies, persuade them to attempt flight.
- 33 *art*, means, device.
dull delay, unwillingness to follow his advice and example,
to give up their vices and lead a better life.
- 34 *allured to brighter worlds*, held out to them prospects of
eternal happiness and tried to make them fit for it.
led the way, set an example of the good life he wanted
them to lead.
- 35 *bed*, death-bed. *parting life*, dying person.
- 36 *sorrow*, remorse for past sins.
dismayed, terrified the dying man.
- 37 *at his control*, under his influence.
- 38 *despair*, hopelessness of salvation. *anguish*, agony of mind.
- 39 *comfort*, hope of God's mercy.
to raise, i.e. from the depth of despair; to cheer.
- 40 *faltering accents*, words uttered with difficulty on account
of his weakness.
whispered praise, praised God in faint words.
- 41 *unaffected grace*, simple dignity.
- 42 *venerable place*, i.e., the church.
- 43 *truth*, the words of the Gospel.
prevailed with double sway, was doubly impressive because
he practised what he preached.
- 44 *scoff*, ridicule, mock.
to pray, to ask forgiveness of God, for their sin.
- 47 *endearing wile*, little devices by which they hoped to
endear themselves to him
- 49 *warmth*, love.

- 53 *awful*, awe-inspiring.
 54 *swells*, rises up.
 55 *breast*, middle part.
 56 *eternal sunshine*, since its head is far above the clouds.
 The last four lines contain a sublime simile. Note the points of comparison.
 The pastor is compared to a tall cliff; his breast to the middle part of the cliff; his grief for other people's misfortunes to the rolling clouds; his serious thoughts to eternal sunshine on the top of the cliff.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

Where did the pastor's modest mansion stand? What was his yearly income? Did he care for promotion? How might he have obtained promotion? What other aims did the pastor of Auburn have? Who were the vagrants whom the pastor relieved? How did the broken soldier entertain the pastor at night? 'His pity gave ere charity began'. Why? How did the pastor discharge his clerical duties? How did he teach his flock to lead a spiritual life? How did he bring comfort to the dying man? What was the manner of the pastor at church? Why was his sermon doubly impressive? How did the rustics and the children endear themselves to the pastor? What griefs distressed the pastor? Where did his serious thoughts rest?

2. Write a brief estimate of the character of the village pastor in three paragraphs not exceeding 25 lines :—

(a) the pastor at home; (b) the pastor abroad in his parish; (c) the pastor at church.

3. Write the answers to the following questions in one connected paragraph :—

What did the simple peasants do after the divine service

was over? Why? How did the little children make the parson smile? What did the parson's smile express? What griefs and joys did he feel? What were his serious thoughts?

4. Bring out the points of comparison in and explain fully, the two similes occurring in the lesson.

5. Examine the grammatical construction of lines 53 to 56 in the text :

'*cliff*' is left without a predicate. The construction with which the sentence began is abandoned, and another construction is begun. This variation of construction is the figure called *Anacoluthon* : i.e., wanting sequence. We may supply the first half of the comparison by inserting "the pastor stood", before "as some tall cliff."

6. Analyse into clauses, lines 27-30.

7. Give the part of speech and construction of the following words:—

wild (2); passing (6); year (6); race (7); far (11); no (17); allow'd (18); bade (19); night (20); tales (21); ere (26); pride (27); soul (38); wretch (39); pass'd (45).

8. 'Passing rich with forty pounds a year'. This is an oft-quoted line. Try to discover a few more oft-quoted lines in this lesson.

9. Write sentences to illustrate the difference in meaning between :— raise and rise; praise and prize; pray and prey; pity and charity; pain and pine; few and a few.

10. Point out any peculiarities of grammar or usage in the following :—

(a) Remote from towns he ran his godly race.

(b) More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

(c) The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay.

(d) Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul.

(e) The service pass'd, around the pious man, with steady zeal each honest rustic ran.

(f) Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.

10. THE EVE OF WATERLOO

[This is taken from Lord Byron's "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," Canto III (Stanzas 21 to 25). This is a description of the eve of Quatre Bras fought two days before the famous battle of Waterloo. Byron treats both as one battle.]

On the night preceding the battle a ball was given at her house in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond in honour of the English soldiers who were to march against the French. The Duke of Wellington was present at the ball. He had heard of the approach of the French army before the ball, and had decided to march out early in the morning, but kept his resolve secret. While the ball was going on, particular officers were called away to prepare for the march, and in a few hours they were all on their way to Quatre Bras. The English won, but they fell back afterwards to join their Prussian allies, in a combined effort to defeat the French army under Napoleon. The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th June, 1815, and was a crowning victory for the allies.]

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's Capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when 5
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind, 10
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

And swiftly forming in the ranks of war; 40
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They
 come! they come!" 45

—Byron.

NOTES

Line

- 1 *Revelry*, festivity. 2 *Belgium's capital*, Brussels.
- 3 *Beauty, Chivalry*, fair women and brave men : abstract for the concrete; (Synecdoche).
- 6 *voluptuous swell*, ever-increasing volume of music which gratified the senses and excited pleasure.
- 7 *looked love to eyes, etc.*, cast loving glances on their lovers whose eyes returned their love.
- 9 *hush*, be silent! *hark*, listen.
rising, sound beginning softly, but increasing in volume.
knell, bell rung at funerals.
- 11 *car*, passing vehicle.
rattling, clattering ; rumbling.
- 13 *no sleep*, let there be no sleep.
Youth and Pleasure, the young and the gay, the officers and their partners ; abstract for the concrete: (Synecdoche).
- 14 *chase the glowing Hours with flying feet*, spend the swiftly passing hours in the excitement of the dance.
- 15 *breaks in*, intrudes upon their mirth.
- 16 *its echo would repeat*, would re-echo the sound, as if it were being answered by thunder.
- 18 *Arm! Arm!* the call to arms ; make ready for battle.
opening roar, first firing of guns.

- 19 *window'd niche*, a recess containing a window; an oriel window; here, the sound could be heard more distinctly than in the body of the hall.
- 20 *Brunswick's fated chieftain*, Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick.
fated, because he was soon to die.
- 22 *caught its tone*, understood its significance.
Death's prophetic ear, true foreboding of his impending fate. It is an old belief that persons near to death often have a presentiment of their approaching end.
- 23 *it*, sound of firing.
- 25 *which stretched...bier*, which brought his father to his grave; Charles William Frederick, his father, was killed at the battle of Jena in 1806.
- 26 *rousel up vengeance*, started a deadly feud between the son and the French.
quell, satisfy; he wanted to avenge the death of his father on the French.
- 27 *field...fell*. Note the alliteration.
- 28 *then and there*, at that very instant.
hurrying to and fro, rushing about to find their friends.
- 32 *partings*, leave-takings.
press the life etc., bring the gaiety of youth face to face with despair and death.
- 33 *choking sighs*, sighs choked back, stifled in an effort to seem brave.
- 35 *mutual eyes*, eyes of lovers meeting each other with answering love.
- 38 *mustering squadron*, bodies of troops rapidly falling into their ranks.
clattering car, wagons belonging to the train of artillery rattling along.
- 39 *impetuous*, headlong.
- 41 *deep thunder*, the roar of the cannon.

- peal on peal*, volley after volley.
 42 *alarming drum*, drums sounding the call to arms.
 43 *ere the morning star*, before the Venus rose in the eastern sky.
 45 *white*, pale with fear.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in one complete sentence :—

By whom was the ball given and where? Who had gathered at the ball? How were the youthful guests engaged in the hall? What caused excitement among the dancers? What conjectures were made regarding the heavy sound? How was the conjecture changed to certainty? What is Death's prophetic ear? What was the effect of the first firing of the guns on the dancers? How were the soldiers roused up before dawn? Why were the citizens of Brussels terrified?

2. Answer each of the following questions in not more than three sentences :—

(a) Describe the gay scene in the ball-room on the eve of the battle.

(b) Why did the dancers continue the dance even after hearing the deep sound?

(c) How did a deadly feud arise between the Duke of Brunswick and the French? How did it end?

(d) Describe the scene of the breaking up of the dance at the residence of the Duchess of Richmond.

(e) Describe the scene of the English soldiers preparing to march to battle.

3. Write the answers to the following questions in a connected paragraph :—

Who was Brunswick's chieftain? Why was he a 'fated' chieftain? Why did he hear the deep sound first? What

did the dancers say when he said that he heard the sound near? What reason had he to know the sound better than they? What foreboding did he have on hearing the deep sound? Did it prove true? How?

4. Give the meaning of the following :—

Voluptuous swell; glowing hours; flying feet; cannon's opening roar; windowed niche; bloody bier; tremblings of distress; choking sighs; mutual eyes; mustering squadron; peal on peal; alarming drum.

5. Explain the following freely, giving the context :—

- (a) Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again.
- (b) No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
- (c) His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier.
- (d) And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
- (e)who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise!

6. Give in your own words the substance of Stanza IV.

7. Explain the figures of speech in the following :—

- (a) And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry.
- (b) A thousand hearts beat happily.
- (c) No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
- (d) That heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat.

8. Give the part of speech and construction of the following words :—

bright (3); as (8); but (10); unconfined (12); to chase (14); nearer (17); near (23); all (30); such (32); as (32); dumb (44).

9. Look and say if the italicised words in the following sentences are participles or gerunds :—

(a) He rushed into the field, and, foremost *fighting* fell.

(b) Ah! then there was *hurrying* to and fro.

(c) Or the car *rattling* over the stony street.

(d) And there was *mounting* in hot haste; the steed,
The *mustering* squadron, and the *clattering* car,
Went *pouring* forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly *forming* in the ranks of war.

10. Arrange the following passage in verse form inserting the marks of punctuation :—

and the deep thunder peal on peal afar and near the
beat of the alarming drum roused up the soldier ere the
morning star while thronged the citizens with terror dumb or
whispering with white lips the foe they come they come.

11. THE SOLITARY REAPER

[This poem is an indirect result of Wordsworth's tour in Scotland in 1803. Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister, writes in her Journal that the poem was suggested to her brother by the following sentence in Thomas Wilkinson's '*Tour in Scotland*':—

"Passed a female who was reaping alone: she sang in Erse, as she bent over her sickle; the sweetest human voice ever heard; her strains were tenderly melancholy and felt delicious, long after they were heard no more."

In this poem the poet conveys to us the impression which the pathetic song of the lovely reaper made upon him.]

Behold her, single in the field,

Yon solitary Highland Lass!

Reaping and singing by herself;

Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,

And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago : 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listen'd, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

—Wordsworth.

NOTES

Line

- 4 *Stop here or gently pass*, the poet is addressing an imaginary traveller: Either stop to listen to her song or if you have no ear for music, go away quietly so as not to disturb her.
- 6 *melancholy strain*, sad air or tune.
- 7 *the vale profound*, the deep valley.
- 8 *overflowing*, filled with.
- 9 *chant*, sing.
- 11 *shady haunt*, cool oasis.
- 13 *thrilling*, moving profoundly; because it announces to the storm-swept islanders the approach of summer weather.
- 15 *silence of the seas*, the long winter silence of the northern-most lands and seas.
- 16 *Hebrides*, a group of islands off the North-west coast of Scotland.
- 18 *plaintive numbers*, melancholy verses or song.
- 19 *far-off things*, happenings of the long distant past.
- 21 *lay*, song.
- 22 *familiar matter of to-day*, sorrow of every day occurrence.
- 24 *that has been etc.*, that has often happened in the past, and may happen again.
- 25 *theme*, subject of her song.
- 28 *sickle*, the curved knife used for cutting corn.
- 31 *in my heart I bore*, I could never forget the music.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—

What did the poet *see* and *hear* during his walk in the Highlands? Whom does he address in line 4? What does he say? What kind of song was the Highland lass singing?

What comparisons does the poet use to describe her song? How is the comparison appropriate? When does the cuckoo come to the Hebrides? Why does not the poet understand what she sings? What is the poet's surmise about the subject-matter of her song? What effect did the song have on the poet?

2. (a) Pick out the words in the poem that convey the impression of sadness. (Read lines 17-24.)
- (b) What words in the poem convey the sense of solitude? (See lines 1-8 and 15-16.)
- (c) What lines give the impression of beauty and charm in the midst of all this sadness? (Read the second verse, lines 9-16.)
3. Read the poem thoughtfully and slowly, and mark the lines which you consider beautiful.
4. The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

What favourite idea of the poet do these lines express? Wordsworth loved to store up in his mind impressions of beautiful sights seen, so that he might remember them afterwards. It was this "emotion recollected in tranquillity" that was the source of his poetic genius. Read side by side the last verse of 'The Daffodils'.

5. Explain the lines given in Q. 4 above with reference to the context.
6. Give the part of speech and construction of the following words:—single (1); lass (2); alone (5); so (13); breaking (15); what (17); matter (22); music (31); no (32).
7. Give in your own words the substance of lines 9-16.
8. Describe, in a paragraph not exceeding 12 lines, the incident narrated in the poem.
9. Rewrite as directed:—
 - (a) No nightingale did ever chant.....Arabian sands.
 - (b) A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring time from the cuckoo-bird.

- Change the degrees of comparison in *a* & *b*.
 (c) Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 (Put the verbs in the Passive voice.)

10. Analyse fully :—

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending.

12. THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

[This is one of *Matthew Arnold's* earliest poems and one of his best. The story is exquisitely told, and the harmony of sound and sense is perfect. There is deep pathos in the poem.]

It was one of the popular myths of the Middle Ages in Europe that Mermen and Mermaids were sea-creatures, half human and half-fish, endowed with human feelings, but without a soul to be saved, like human beings. Occasionally, a human girl became the wife of a merman, but in doing so she ran the risk of losing immortality.

In Arnold's poem, a Merman loved a mortal woman named Margaret who lived with him under the sea and bore him children. One day, at Easter-tide, she heard the sound of church-bells ringing. At once her religious instincts were roused, and she was anxious to go to the church and pray. With the permission of the Merman she went off, but did not return. She had saved her soul, though at the expense of her love. She could not forget her Merman lover and her children, and at times she looked out on the sea where her dear ones lived. Though so cruelly forsaken, the Merman loved her still, hoping against hope that, some day, she would return to him and her children. He often went up with his children to gaze at the 'little white-walled town' where Margaret lived.]

Come, dear children, let us away :

Down and away below !

Now my brothers call from the bay ;

Now the great winds shoreward blow ;

Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!

This way, this way!
Call her once before you go.

Call once yet
In a voice that she will know:

‘Margaret! Margaret!’
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear:
Children’s voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again.

Call her once and come away;

This way, this way!
‘Mother dear, we cannot stay.’
The wild white horses foam and fret.

Margaret! Margaret!
Come, dear children, come away down!

Call no more!
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore

Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day.

Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep, 35
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground; 40
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ? 45
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me, 50
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea ;
She said : ' I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'
I said : ' Go up, dear heart, through the waves ; 60

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves !
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?

'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ; 65
Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say.
Come !' I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town.
Through the narrow paved streets where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes. 75

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :

'Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.

Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone.

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'

But, ah, she gave me never a look, 80

For her eyes were sealed to the holy book !

Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more !

Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down ! 85

Down to the depths of the sea !

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark, what she sings: 'O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well—
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun !'
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully ; 95
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ; 100
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ; 105
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children !
Come children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder ; 110
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar. 1.

We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: 'Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.'

120

But, children, at midnight
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing: 'There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.'

125
130
135
140

—*Matthew Arnold.*

NOTES

Line

[Lines 1-29 : The Merman and his children call Margaret in vain.]

- 1 *away*, go away, depart.
- 2 *down and away below*; to the depths of the sea.
- 5 *seaward flow*, the tide is ebbing.
- 6 *wild white horses*, the rolling, rushing waves with their crests of foam; note the points of comparison: the rushing waves with their crests of foam, dashing the spray high up in the air, are compared to wild horses foaming as they rush along and tossing their manes and flinging the froth from their mouths.
- 7 *champ*, bite on their bits. *chafe*, show restlessness.
- 21 *foam and fret*, refers to the violent rise and fall of the waves.
- 26 *windy shore*, shore open to winds.
- [Lines 30-47 : The sea-home of the Merman described.]
- 31 *sweet bells*, the bells of the church.
- 33 *surf*, foam and roar of the sea breaking on shore.
- swell*, heaving of the sea with waves that do not break after a storm.
- 37 *spent lights*, lights which have lost their brightness in passing through water, and are dimly seen.
- 37 *quiver and gleam*, shine with a tremulous light.
- 38 *sways*, moves to and fro.
- stream*, currents in the sea.
- 40 *ooze*, the soft mud or slime at the bottom of the sea.
- 41 *coil and twine*, wind and twist round one another.
- 42 *mail*, scaly skins that look like chain armour; the covering of snakes.
- 42 *bask*, lie lazily in the warm water of the sea.
- 44 *unshut eye*, fish have no eyelids, and a whale is similar to a fish in this respect.

- 45 *ever and aye*, for ever and ever.
46 *music*, the sound of the sweet church-bells.
[*Lines 48-84: The Merman recalls the story of Margaret's desertion.*]
51 *gold throne*, the Merman was a king of the sea.
53 *tended*, nursed.
54 *when down swung etc.*, when suddenly the sound of a church-bell was borne to her through the waters overhead.
58 *Easter-time*, festival of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.
68 *down*, gently curving hill; usually found in the plural "downs".
69 *sea-stocks*, plants growing on the sea-shore.
73 *stood without*, for these soulless creatures must not enter the sacred building.
74 *stones*, the tombstones; *aisle*, passage by which to walk into a church.
75 *leaded panes*, small glass panes often coloured, set in a frame of lead.
77 *hist*, interjection used to draw attention of a person.
81 *seal'd to the holy book*, fixed upon the Bible she was holding.
[*Lines 85-107: Margaret loves the busy world, but she longs occasionally for the youngest mermaid.*]
87 *wheel*, the spinning wheel. *humming*, noisy.
91 *the bell*, religious service.
holy well, the baptismal font in the church.
94 *sings her fill*, sings in joy till she is completely satisfied.
96 *shuttle*, the small bar in the spinning wheel for twisting the thread.
100 *set in a stare*, fixed dreamily on the sea.
101 *anon*, presently, soon.
103 *sorrow-clouded*, made dim with tear drops.
104 *sorrow-laden*, charged to the full with sorrow.
[*Lines: 108-143. The ceaseless love of the Merman for the faithless mortal woman.*]

- 110 *hoarse*, murmuring in deep tones; *gusts*, draughts of strong wind.
117 *ceiling of amber*, roof of amber; amber is a resinous substance, yellowish and transparent, washed up by the sea.
119 *pavement*, floor.
127 *spring tides*, highest tides occurring shortly after full and new moons; *airs*, land breezes.
129 *heaths starred. with broom*, moorland dotted with the yellow flowers of the broom.
131 *blanched*, whitened (by the moonlight).
132 *beaches*, sea-shore.
133 *creeks*, small inlets or openings on the coast.
134 *bank*, little hill.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—

For what reasons did the Merman urge his children to return home? Why did the Merman ask his children to call their mother? Where was Margaret? Why did she not return to her lover and her children?

What was Margaret doing when she heard the sound of the sweet bell above the waters? What did she say to the Merman when she heard the bell? Did the Merman permit her to go? Why did Margaret smile when she was going? What did the Merman do when she failed to return? What did he hear and see when he came to the little grey church on the shore?

Was Margaret happy? What things occupied her mind and afforded her joy? What sad thoughts came upon her occasionally? How did the Merman show his unceasing love for Margaret? What is the central idea of the poem?

2. Tell briefly the story of the Forsaken Merman in about 20 lines.

3. Describe each of the following in a paragraph not exceeding 10 lines :—

(a) The home of the Merman.

(b) The character of Margaret as revealed in the poem.

(c) The little town on the hill.

4. Fill up the blanks in the following account of the Forsaken Merman :—

A Merman, a king of the —, was — by the — woman he had married. She had — with him for several years as his —, and had — him children. One day, she heard the — of a — bell from the little grey — on the —, and she was — with an irresistible — to go to her own — and — with them. The thought — across her mind that she was — her soul by — with a Merman who had no — to save. She — away, and never — back. Though so — forsaken, the Merman — her with an — love.

5. Explain the following, giving the context briefly :—

(a) Now the wild white horses play,

Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

(b) 'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me !

And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.

(c) And alone dwell for ever,

The kings of the sea.

6. Give in your own words the substance of lines 124-135.

7. Give the part of speech and construction of :—
away (1); shoreward (4); that (12); dear (14); once (18);
way (19); sound (34); ranged (39); all (70); clear (76);
shut (82); soft (125).

8. Use the following in sentences of your own construction :— Champ and chafe; foam and fret; coil and

“This tent is mine,” said Yussouf, “but no more
Than it is God’s; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His who buildeth over these 10
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard “Nay”.”

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, ‘Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight; 15
Depart before the prying day grows bold.’
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger’s face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling low, 20
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf’s hand,
- Sobbing, ‘O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!’

‘Take thrice the gold,’ said Yussouf; ‘for with thee 25
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God’s decrees;
He avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!’ 30

—J. R. Lowell.

NOTES

- 2 *Behold one*, behold in me one; you see before you one.
outcast, one driven out of his tribe, cast out from home and friends.
- 3 *in dread*, in fear of being put to death if caught.
- 3 *the bow of power is bent*, to take whose life a great chief is using his power; *i.e.*, 'I am in danger of being killed by a powerful foe.'
- 4 *flies*, flies from his pursuers. *hath not where.....head*, does not know where to find shelter.
- 6 *through*, among.
- 7-8 *No more than it is God's*, it is as much God's tent as it is mine, for all gifts come from God; note Yussouf's modesty and humility.
- 9 *freely.....store*, you are welcome to share with me what food I have. Note Yussouf's generous hospitality. Arab hospitality was proverbial.
- 10 *as I His*, as I partake of all God's gifts and bounty.
- 11 *His glorious roof etc.*, the wonderful sky in which the sun shines by day, and the stars by night.
- 12 *at whose door etc.*, God never withholds His bounty from anyone who asks for it.
- 16 *Before the prying day grows bold*, before it is broad daylight when you will be recognised by your enemies.
prying, spying. *bold*, bright; the first rays of the Sun are said to be prying, like a spy.
- 18 *nobleness enkindleth nobleness*, when we light one lamp from another, the brightness of the first lamp is not lessened; so the noble deed of one man, done to another, brings out the noble qualities of the second man.
- 19 *inward light*, his noble determination to conquer self.

made grand, made his face glow.

- 20 *self conquest*, subduing the baser passions; the stranger was now filled with the noble determination of confessing his guilt to Yussouf. This gave an inward glow to his looks. *so*, thus, without confessing my guilt.
- 23 *repay thee*, return your kindness, not in money, but by a confession.
- 27 *black thought*, the wicked thought of vengeance, revenging himself on the wretch who killed his son. *shall ride away etc.*, I shall banish it from my mind.
- 28 *yearn*, mourn.
- 29 *decrees*, decisions of God.
balanced and just, the account of right and wrong is settled exactly and justly. These words express Yussouf's faith in the justice of everything that God ordains.
- 30 *thou art avenged*, the wrong done to you has been punished, or righted.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

Who was Yussouf? Who came to his tent one day? What danger was the stranger in? Why did he go to Yussouf for shelter? How was he received by Yussouf? Why did Yussouf urge the stranger to go away before it was broad daylight? How did Ibrahim repay the Sheik's kindness? How did Yussouf revenge himself upon his son's murderer? What is the lesson of the poem?

2. Imagine yourself to be Ibrahim, and narrate to a friend all that had happened at Yussouf's tent that night.

3. Write the answers to the following questions in one connected paragraph :—

Who was the stranger? What was his crime? Whose bow of power was bent against his life? Why did he seek

refuge with Yussouf knowing the wrong he had done him? Was the stranger a good or bad man? What effect had Yussouf's generosity upon him? How did he repay Yussouf's kindness? What risk did he run in doing so? Do you think he made adequate reparation for the wrong done to Yussouf? Which of the two do you admire more? Give your reasons.

4. Write a brief estimate of the character of Yussouf as revealed in the poem.

5. Explain the following with reference to the context:—

(a) As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

(b) Balanced and just are God's decrees.

6. Explain the figures of speech in:—

(a) Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent.

(b) Depart before the prying day grows bold.

(c) My one black thought shall ride away from me.

7. Give the part of speech and construction of:—

where (4); I (10); before (16); grand (19);
so (22); all (23); thrice (25); to return (26).

8. (a) We *avenge* others; we *revenge* ourselves. When we *avenge*, we return an injury done to another; when we *revenge*, we return evil for evil done to ourselves. In both cases, vengeance is exercised. Write sentences to illustrate this difference in meaning between the two words.

(b) An *outcast* is a person cast out from home and friends, a homeless and friendless vagabond. An *outcaste* is a person who has been expelled from his caste. Write sentences to illustrate the difference in meaning between the two words.

9. Yussouf had the finest revenge upon his enemy. He returned good for evil. He had avenged his son by

the murderer to repent in shame and grief. He taught the lesson : The noblest vengeance is to forgive.

In about 25 lines tell any other story you know of good returned for evil.

10. By way of library work, read : (a) New Testament; St. Matthew, Chapter VII, Verse 7 ; Chapter VIII, Verse 20 ; Chapter XXV, Verses 14-30 ; (b) Shakespeare : Merchant of Venice : Act IV, Scene 1, The quality of mercy.

11. Turn the last stanza—lines 25 to 30—into the Indirect form of speech.

12. Rewrite as directed :—

(a) This tent is no more mine than it is God's.
(Use the positive degree.)

(b) My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight.
(Turn into a negative sentence, without changing the meaning.)

(c) All this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son.
(Change the verbs into the passive voice.)

14. THE LOTOS-EATERS

[Lord Tennyson's '*Lotos-Eaters*' is founded on a passage in the ninth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, which relates the adventures of Ulysses after the fall of Troy. In the course of their voyage, Ulysses and his followers arrived at the land of the lotos-eaters, somewhere on the north coast of Africa. The natives of that country lived on the fruit of the lotos-tree, a wonderful kind of fruit which induced a feeling of happy languor in those who ate it and created an aversion to all labour. Ulysses sent three of his companions to find out what sort of men lived in that country. The Greeks were hospitably received and given the lotos-fruit to eat. When they ate the fruit, they forgot home and friends, and only thought of living there for ever in delicious idleness. They refused to leave the lotos shore, but they were bound hand and foot, and carried to the ship. The Greeks soon left the dangerous land.]

'COURAGE!' he said, and pointed towards the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'

In the afternoon they came unto a land

In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon, 5

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;

And like a downward smoke, the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke, 10

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

From the inner land : far off, three mountair tops, 15
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flush'd : and, dew'd with showery drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
 In the red West : thro' mountain clefts the dale 20
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
 A land where all things always seem'd the same !
 And round about the keel with faces pale, 25
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, 35
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child and wife, and slave ; but ever-more

Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, 'We will return no more.'
 And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.' 45

—Tennyson.

NOTES

Line

- 1 *Courage*, Ulysses addresses his dejected mariners, for they had been struggling with adverse winds for nine days.
- 2 *mounting wave*, high wave.
roll us etc., carry us to the shore.
- 4 *it seemed always afternoon*, the air lacked the coolness and freshness of the morning, but was soft and heavy always.
- 5 *languid air*, the air was heavy and motionless, and caused a feeling of weariness in those who breathed it.
did swoon, was still, like a person in a swoon.
- 6 *breathing...dream*, giving forth low murmuring sounds like those that come from a tired sleeper oppressed with dreams.
- 7 *stood full-faced*, it was a full moon, and it did not seem to move.
- 8 *like a downward smoke*, like a slowly descending wreath of smoke.
- 9 *fall and pause and fall*, the course of the stream was interrupted by a number of falls. Leaping over a cliff, it fell on a rock below, where it seemed to rest for a while; then it leapt over another cliff, and so on.
- 11 *veils*, pieces of transparent cloth used by ladies to cover their faces.
lawn, very fine linen cloth, almost transparent, like gauze.
thinnest, of the finest texture. Some streams slowly let

- fall sheets of white spray, which, when seen from a distance, looked like veils of finest lawn.
- 12 *wavering*, unsteady, flickering; *lights and shadows*, some streams, as they flowed in and out among the rocks, were now in light and now in shadow.
- 13 *slumbrous*, moving slowly.
- 14 *they*, the Greeks. *gleaning*, shining faintly.
- 15 *inner land*, interior of the country.
- 16 *pinnacles*, summits, tops.
aged snow, snow which had rested there for years and years.
- 17 *sunset-flushed*, tinted with the red rays of the setting sun.
dewed, wet.
- 18 *up-clomb*, rose up.
shadowy pine, pine trees casting long shadows and looking like ghosts.
woven copse, tangled brushwood.
- 19 *charmed sunset etc.*, the setting sun seemed to stay in the western sky as if a spell had been laid upon it.
- 20 *mountain-clefts*, ravines, gorges among the mountains.
- 21 *yellow down*, sandy hill enveloped in the amber light of the setting sun.
- 23 *galingale*, a plant with gray flowers growing in marshes.
- 24 *always seemed the same*, i. e., it was a land in which nothing changed; a monotonous, soothing, sleepy land.
- 25 *keel*, ship.
- 26 *rosy flame*, red sunset.
- 27 *mild-eyed*, languid.
- 28 *enchanted stem*, i. e., of the lotos-tree.
- 31 *gushing*, roar.
- 32 *mourn and rave*, dashed with a mournful sound; the sea with its huge waves is compared to a mad man; to their ears the roar of the waves no longer seemed to be near, but to dash with a mournful sound against the shores of far-off lands.

- 33 *fellow, comrade.*
 34 *thin, faint. as voices from the grave, like voices of ghosts.*
 35 *deep-asleep, unconscious of what was going on around him.*
 38 *between the sun and moon, the sun is low in the west, and the moon has risen in the east: they sat on the shore so that the sun was in front of them and the full moon behind them.*
 39 *to dream of etc., they could only dream of home but were totally incapable of making an effort to reach it.*
 40 *ever-more, from that moment onwards.*
 41 *the oar, the task of rowing.*
 42 *wandering fields of barren foam, vast expanse of the moving waters of the sea, which, unlike the fields of earth, bring forth no crop.*
 45 *no longer roam, our home in the islands of Greece is far away. We are weary of travelling, we will remain here for ever.*

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—
 (a) How does Tennyson describe the air in the country of the lotos-eaters? (b) Describe some of the streams in the land of the lotos-eaters. (c) How did the mountain peaks appear in the distance? (d) Why is the sun said to linger in the western sky? (e) Describe the appearance of the lotos-eaters. (f) What effect had the eating of the lotos-fruit on the Greeks?

2. What view of life is presented to us in this poem?

(The happiest life is one of rest and ease, amidst surroundings that lull one to sleep,—a dreamy existence spent in sensuous enjoyments, with nothing attempted and nothing achieved.)

As a piece of library work study Tennyson's other poem, *Ulysses*, where the poet commends to us a life of ceaseless exertion, of unwearied effort.

3. Describe in your own words the land of the lotos-eaters. [general appearance—the air—the streams—distant mountains—the beach—valleys and meadows—inhabitants.]

4. Pretend to be one of the Greeks who had eaten of the lotos-fruit. Relate your experiences to a comrade after leaving the strange land. [home and children forgotten—roar of waves seems to come from afar—ghostly voices of nearby comrades—awake and yet asleep—music of the heart—lethargy.]

5. Give in simple language the idea contained in the following:—

(a) All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

(b) And like a downward smoke, the slender stream,
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

(c) Some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go.

(d) And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

6. Give in your own words the substance of lines 19-24.

7. (a) Tennyson frequently makes use of compound epithets. 'Sunset-flushed' is an example. Collect a few more from the poem.

(b) The poem has many striking phrases, each suggesting a picture: e. g., *downward smoke*, *winding vale*. Collect a few more such phrases from the poem.

8. Give the part of speech and construction of:—shoreward (2); slow-dropping (11); flow (14); sunset-flushed (17); the same (24); gushing (31); voices (34); all (35).

a Insert suitable adjectives before the nouns given
You may use the words found in the text or words in meaning: —wave; —air; —dream; —smoke; —foam; —snow; —pine; —down; —vale; —e; —foam.

15. O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN

[This is one of the best elegies in American literature and its author is *Walt Whitman* (1819—92). The American Civil War broke out partly on the question of slavery. The Northern States advocated the abolition of slavery, and the Southern States who wished to retain slavery seceded from the Union and revolted against the Federal Government. Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest of the American Presidents, took up the cause of the slaves and brought about their emancipation, though at a terrible cost to the State. He successfully guided the ship of State through these troublous times, and won the war. After the close of the war, Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's theatre by Booth, an actor, who was a partisan of the Southern States. Whitman's poem represents not only his great personal grief,—for he adored Lincoln to the verge of hero-worship—but the grief of the whole American nation.]

The poem gives the picture of a ship coming to port after a dangerous voyage. Lincoln is the 'Captain of the Ship of State'; 'the fearful trip' is the civil war; 'the dangers of the voyage' are the varying fortunes of the war; the 'port' is victory; and the 'prize' is the abolition of slavery.]

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize
 we sought is won;
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people
 all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel
 grim and daring:
 But O heart ! heart ! heart !
 O the bleeding drops of red !
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you
 the bugle trills, 10
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—
 for you the shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their
 eager faces turning;
 Here, Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck 15
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no
 pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its
 voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
 with object won; 20
 Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

Line

NOTES

[Lines 1-8: The port is in sight, but the Captain is dead.]

1 *Our fearful trip is done*, the terrible voyage is over; the terrible civil war is ended.

2 *ship*, i. e., of State; the United States of America.

weathered every rack, has come safely through every storm;

- 19 *is anchored safe and sound*, the ship stops at port, it is now in the harbour;—the State is safe again.
- 20 *with object won*, i. e., abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union of all the States.
- 21 *exult, O shores*, etc., the whole country rejoices and joyous bells are ringing to celebrate the successful termination of the war.
- 22 *with mournful tread*, slowly and sorrowfully.
- 23 *walk the deck etc.*, walk on the deck on which my captain lies dead; I grieve for Lincoln who was killed in the hour of his triumph.

EXERCISES

1. The whole poem is an *Allegory*. An allegory is a description of one thing under the image of another. It is a continuous metaphor. What is Lincoln's death compared to? What do the following stand for:—the ship, the Captain, the fearful trip, and the port?

2. Give in your own words the picture of the ship coming to port.

3. Write the answers to the following questions in one connected paragraph:—

Who was Lincoln? Why did he wage war with the Southern States? What did the Southern States want? How did the Civil War affect the country? What was the result of the war?

4. What are the mingled feelings of the poet depicted in the poem? What feeling of the poet predominates in the

What lines express the poet's grief? What lines

the poet's love and tenderness for the fallen hero?

the meaning of the following phrases?

own construction:—to weather

6. Give the part of speech and construction of:—
exulting (3); keel (4); vessel (4); cold (8); mass (12); faces (12);
voyage (19); victor (20); deck (23).

7. (a) Write sentences using the following verbs both
transitively and intransitively:—do, win, follow,
call, close, shake, hold, walk.

(b) Some intransitive verbs are used transitively in
some idiomatic expressions; e.g. You *laughed* him
to scorn. Collect a few more examples like this.

8. Rewrite the following to make assertive sentences:—

(a) O heart! heart! heart!

(b) O the bleeding drops of red!

(c) This arm beneath your head!

(d) Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

9. Read 'Abraham Lincoln'—Lesson 20, Prose Section
of the Text, side by side with this poem.

Library work: Read John Drinkwater's play,
"Abraham Lincoln".

16. SANTA FILOMENA

[*Florence Nightingale* was born of rich parents. Discarding a luxurious life, she spent ten years studying nursing. Now the Crimean War was going on, and she heard of the terrible sufferings of the wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Scutari. At once she sailed with a band of nurses for Scutari. She found thousands of wounded men dying of neglect. She made good, clean hospitals, and completed the work of reformation in an amazingly short time. She and her nurses tended the men kindly and carefully. Never before had they been so gently nursed. When all the medical officers had retired for the night, she might be observed making her solitary rounds with a little lamp in her hand. Men watched for her coming into the ward, and though she could not speak to all, they kissed her shadow as she passed.

Florence Nightingale brought fame and honour to the title of nurse'. She is a great figure in English History. To her is due the institution of the modern Red Cross.

At Pisa, in Italy, the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated to Santa Filomena. Over the altar there is a famous picture representing the Saint as a beautiful nymph floating down from heaven attended by two angels, bearing the lily, palm, and javelin. Beneath, in the foreground, lie the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession. Filomena is the Italian equivalent for Nightingale. These facts suggested the title of the poem to the poet.]

When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs, 10
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp, 15
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors. 20

Lo! in that house of misery
A Lady with a Lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss, 25
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly, 30
The vision came and went.
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
 Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast 35
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
 In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood. 40

Nor ever shall be wanting here
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.
 —H. W. Longfellow.

NOTES

Line

Santa Filomena, Saint Nightingale.

1 *wrought*, done.

4 *to higher levels rise*, we feel elevated in spirit and capable of greater powers of goodness.

5 *tidal wave*, a huge wave that sweeps over the land drowning and submerging all before it. *deeper souls*, persons with great spiritual power. Longfellow likens the spiritual power of such noble souls as Florence Nightingale to a great wave that rushes over the land. It overwhelms the minds of other people, washing away what is mean and base, and bringing out all that is pure and good.

7 *unawares*, without our knowledge.

10 *daily needs*, the troubles and worries of everyday life.

- 11 *overflow*, abundance; the metaphor of the tidal wave is kept up.
- 14 *the great army of the dead*, reference is to the large number of soldiers who died at the battle of Balaclava, in the Crimean War.
- 15 *trenches*, ditch about three feet deep with earth thrown up to form a parapet.
- 16 *the starved and frozen camp*, soldiers who were ill-fed and shivering with cold.
- 18 *dreary hospitals of pain*, the hospitals were a veritable hell of pain and foulness; they merely added to the agony suffered by the wounded soldiers.
- 19 *corridor*, main passage on which many rooms opened.
- 21 *that house of misery*, the hospital at Scutari.
- 22 *Lady with the Lamp*, Florence Nightingale.
- 23 *glimmering gloom*, the faint light of the lamp only served to intensify the darkness around.
- 24 *glit*, move silently and rapidly.
- 25 *a dream of bliss*, a pleasant dream.
- 26 *kiss her shadow*, out of gratitude for her kindness.
- 28 *darkening waves*, the walls grew dark as she passed out of the room with her lamp.
- 32 *was spent*, disappeared.
- 33 *England's annals*, the history of England.
- 34 *hereafter...song*, future of her literature, prose and verse.
- 36 *portals*, door-way; her glorious deeds will be recorded in the history of England, and celebrated in the future literature of the country, both in prose and verse.
- 40 *heroic*, because of her great self-sacrifice.
- 42 *the palm, the lily and the spear*, symbols which St. Filomena wore in olden days; the poet wants to represent her as the saint whose name she bore; the virtues whose symbols St. Filomena carried were found in Florence Nightingale. *palm* is the symbol of victory; *lily*, of chastity, innocence and purity; *the spear*, of healing

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—(a) What is the effect of a noble deed or a noble thought upon ordinary men? (b) How do the words and deeds of deeper souls help us? (c) What was the poet reading at night? What thoughts came to his mind as he read? (d) What were the sufferings of the English soldiers in the Crimean War? (e) How did the English soldiers lying in the hospital show their gratitude to Florence Nightingale? (f) How did they regard her coming into, and going out of, the ward? (g) How has the name of Florence Nightingale been immortalised by her countrymen?

2. Write a brief sketch of the life of Florence Nightingale.

3. Compare Florence Nightingale with Saint Philomena.

4. Give in your own words the substance of the first three stanzas.

5. The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

What is the figure of speech employed here? What are the points of comparison? Give the idea contained in these lines in unfigurative language.

6. Nor even shall be wanting here the palm, the lily, and the spear. Explain the allusion in these lines.

7. Give the part of speech and construction of the following words :—unawares (7); honour (9); what (12) wounded (17); flit (24); slow (25); hereafter (34); symbols (43).

8. You are supposed to have been an in-patient in a hospital for some days. Write a letter to your friend describing your experiences in the ward of the hospital.

9. Write an essay on 'A heroic woman of historical fame' of whom you have read.

17. THE CLOUD

[This is one of the best known of the shorter poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) one of the greatest English poets. It has been praised for its exact fidelity to scientific fact, but its beauty and appeal lie in its highly imaginative description, and the swift, light music of its lines. The poet makes the cloud tell its own story.]

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that awaken 5
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under, 10
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white, 15
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, 25
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream
 The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
 And the nursling of the Sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain 35
 The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain, 40
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 I arise and unbuild it again. [tomb,
 —P. B. Shelley.

NOTES

[Lines 1-12: The cloud gives rain and moisture.]

Line

- 1 *thirsting*, parched, dried up.
- 3 *laid*, to rest.
- 4 *noonday dreams*, at noon the leaves are motionless, as though they were asleep and dreaming.

- 5 *wings*, the cloud is compared to a bird.
the wings, are the edges of the cloud.
the dews, the light vernal showers, not dew proper, for dew does not come from cloud.
wakens, opens the buds.
- 7 *mother's breast*, the Earth.
- 8 *dances about the sun*, the earth, being a planet of the solar system, revolves round the sun.
- 9 *flail*, instrument used in threshing corn.
hail, tiny balls of ice which fall like rain; the fall of hailstones is like the heavy fall of a flail upon corn.
- 10 *under*, on the earth below.
- 11 *dissolve*, melt.
- 12 *laugh*, refers to the crackling of thunder; the cloud rolls off with a final peal of thunder.

[Lines 13-29: *The cloud in stormy weather.*]

- 13 *sift*, let fall as through a sieve; the snow-flakes fall from the cloud like grain or sand falling through a sieve.
- 14 *aghast*, terrified; *it*, the snow.
- 16 *blast*, storm-wind; the cloud is imagined to be sleeping in the arms of the wind like a child sleeping in the arms of its mother.
- 17 *sublime*, raised on high.
skiey bowers, chambers in the sky.
- 18 *pilot*, one who guides the course of a ship.
- 19 *fettered*, held captive in chains.
- 20 *struggles*, to free itself.
howls, cries out as if in pain and rage.
at fits, at intervals; the idea is this: the storm-cloud is accompanied by lightning and thunder; the lightning flashes above, and the thunder rumbles below.
- 23 *lured*, attracted. *genii*, spirits.

that *more etc.*, that dwell in the sea; certain deep-sea creatures were believed to attract electricity. 'Lightning' is imagined to be a lover seeking his lady-love on earth and sea.

24 *purple*, dark, because it reflects the storm-cloud.

25 *rills*, small streams. *crags*, steep rocks.

27 *dream*, may fancy.

29 *all the while*, while lightning vanishes and the storm ceases. *heaven*, sky; *smile* because it is lit by the sun; the bright sky seems to smile upon the cloud.

[Lines 31-42: *The cloud tells its origin.*]

31 *daughter of Earth and Water*, the cloud is formed in the sky by the water from the earth evaporating and rising up as vapour.

32 *nursling*, infant. *pores*, small openings (metaphoric use).

33 *shores*, land; the vapour which forms the cloud rises from sea and land.

35 *with never a strain*, when the sky is spotlessly clear and blue.

36 *pavilion of heaven*, the dome of the sky resembles a pavilion or tent in shape. *bare*, without a cloud.

37 *convex*, arched; rising to a rounded form: the gleams of the sunbeams go up to form the sky above.

38 *dome of air*, the vault of the sky which is filled with air; the winds hold the dust particles in the air, and these dust particles reflect the sun's light; this is how the dome of the sky is formed; distance gives it a blue appearance.

39 *cenotaph*, a memorial tomb erected for one whose body is elsewhere; the blue dome is like the funeral monument of the cloud.

42 *unbuild*, destroy; the cloud has dissolved into rain, but it rises again from the water in vapour, and appears against the sky once more.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:—

How does the cloud exert a refreshing influence upon the earth? How does the cloud wield the hail? Why do the great pines groan? What is the pillow of the cloud? Where does the cloud sleep? Who is the pilot of the cloud? Where does he sit? How does the cloud look in a thunder-storm? What is the spirit that Lightning loves? Is there any cloud left after the storm has passed away? How is the cloud formed? Why does the cloud never die? What does the dome of the sky resemble? How is the dome of the sky formed? Why does it appear blue? What is a cenotaph? What is the cloud's cenotaph? Why does the cloud laugh at its own cenotaph? How does it unbuild its own cenotaph?

2. Describe, in your own words, the journey of Shelley's cloud across the sky.

3. Give a picture of clouds in stormy weather likening them to a medieval castle.

4. Give a picture of the lightning as a lover seeking his lady-love.

5. Tell briefly the life-story of the cloud.

6. Give in your own words the substance of the last stanza (lines 31-42).

7. Select two examples of Metaphor, and two of Simile from the poem, and bring out the points of comparison in each case.

8. The poet attributes human feelings to inanimate objects and treats them as if they were alive. The figure of speech employed is *Pathetic Fallacy*. Collect as many instances as you can from the poem.

9. Give the part of speech and construction of the following words:—dews (5); one (6); under (10); sublime (17); under (19); lured (23); dream (27); bare (36).

10. Write a short essay describing a thunder-storm.

18. SEA FEVER

[This is one of the best and most famous of the short pieces of *John Masefield* (born 1874), the present Poet Laureate of England. Masefield is a poet of the poor. He has a wonderful knowledge of the life of the poor and common folk, and discovers springs of beauty and gentleness in their obscure lives. Masefield is the poet of the sea. If Rudyard Kipling made the common soldier the subject of his verse, Masefield writes of the common seaman. Masefield was himself a sailor in his early days, and shows an intimate appreciation of the mystery of the sea, the romance of sea-faring life.

Sea Fever illustrates the poet's intense longing for the sea. The poet here describes how the sea has a great fascination for him, and for others like him.]

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer
her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the
sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant
 gipsy life,
 To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
 wind's like a whetted knife; 10
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
 fellow-rover,
 And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
 trick's over.

—John Masefield.

[Reprinted from COLLECTED POEMS OF JOHN MASEFIELD
 (London: Wm. Heinemann Ltd.) by permission of the Author.]

NOTES

Line

- 1 *Lonely sea and the sky*, the vast expanse of the sea below the sky; the sky heightens the sense of vastness.
- 2 *tall*, high-masted; a sailing ship.
- 3 *wheel's kick*, (nautical term), noisy jerk given by the sudden change of the ship's direction.
wind's song, the whistling sound made by the wind.
shaking, fluttering in the wind.
- 4 *dawn breaking*, daylight appearing.
- 5 *the call of the running tide*, the urge or yearning for the sea with its breaking waves.
- 6 *wild*, passionate, exciting.
clear, which cannot be mistaken.
that may not be denied, that cannot be ignored.
- 7 *windy*, stormy.
- 8 *flung*, scattered about by the wind.
spray, minute particles of water produced by the breaking waves. *spume*, foam. *crying*, i.e., in fear of the storm.
- 9 *vagrant gipsy life*, the life of wandering over the vast seas, like that of the gipsies who wander from place to place all over the world.

10. *to the gull's...way*, to the free wild life of the gull and the whale.
where the wind's like a whetted knife, where the wind is bitingly cold and cuts the flesh as sharply as the blade of a knife sharpened on the whetstone; the reference is to the Arctic seas. *whetted*, sharp-edged.
11. *merry yarn*, a traveller's tale, romantic or adventurous, from a merry sailor. *fellow-rover*, fellow sailor.
12. *when the long trick's over*, 'trick' in sailor's language means, a turn or spell of duty, especially the spell of a sailor at the helm, usually two hours; in this sense, the clause means, when his long spell of duty is ended for the day. There is an allusion to the sleep of death here. 'The long trick' is life.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences:
 What is 'Sea Fever'? What, according to the poet, are the charms of the sea in calm weather? What is meant by the 'wheel's kick'? What kind of ship has the poet in his mind in writing this poem? How does the poet describe the call of the sea? What are the perils of the sea? Why does the poet love even the perils of the sea? What kind of life would the poet like to lead? What would console the poet for all the hardships of a sailor's life? What is meant by 'the long trick'?
2. Describe each of the following in not more than two sentences:—
 (a) The picture called up by the poet in the first stanza.
 (b) A day of foul weather at sea.
3. Describe in a paragraph the poet's longing for the sea.
4. Give the meaning of:—wind's song; running tide; wild call; flung spray; blown spume; whetted knife; merry yarn; fellow-rover.

5. Explain with reference to the context
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.
6. Analyse the above two lines fully in a tabular form.
7. Give the part of speech and construction of :—all (2); ship (2); to steer (2); shaking (3); breaking (4); that (6) crying (8); like (10); dream (12).
8. Explain the figures of speech in the following :—
(a) And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.
(b) To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife.
9. Point out the force of the italicized words in the following :—
(a) I *must* go down to the seas again.
(b) You *must* pay your fees on Monday
(c) We *ought* to keep out of debt.
(d) Boys *should* obey their teachers.
(e) He *would* eat the unripe fruit in spite of my warnings.
(f) I *would* help you if I *could*.
10. Comment on the formation and use of the genitives in the following :—
(a) And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking.
(b) Children's voices should be dear.
(c) This is the Governor of Bombay's residence.
(d) I bought this at Whiteway Laidlaw's.
(e) In three days' time the suitor reappeared.
(f) Herod married his brother Philip's wife.

- 7 *I was not ever thus*, in the past I did not rely on God's guidance.
- 9 *I loved.....path*, I relied on my reason, and exercised my will and choice in the actions of my life. I did not believe there was any need for guidance.
- 9-10 *But now.....on*, now I have become repentant and see the error of my ways. I pray for thy guidance : therefore lead me on.
- 11 *garish day*, the pomp and glitter of the world.
spite of, in spite of.
fears, fears as to the correctness of my ways came now and then ; in spite of the misgivings of conscience.
- 12 *pride.....will*, I was proud of my reason and believed all I did was right.
remember.....years, forget my past errors and protect me.
- 13-14 I have confidence that as in the past God has led me, He will continue to protect me all my life.
- 15 *O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent*, stand for the doubts, difficulties and temptations which beset a man in his life's journey, and retard his spiritual progress.
- 16 *till the night is gone*, till this earthly life is done.
- 17 *morn*, dawn of eternal life in heaven.
- 17-18 In Heaven I shall meet again the loved ones who have died and passed from earth into Eternity before me.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—

What is the Kindly Light? What does the poet ask of it? How is his prayer modest? Was the poet always so humble? What were his errors in the past? How does he seek God's pardon? Why does the poet feel sure of God's guidance? What do *moor* and *fen*, *crag* and *torrent* stand

for? What are compared to the night and the morn? Who had the poet loved long since? Why had he lost them awhile?

2. Give the central idea of the poem in five or six lines.
3. Explain the allusions in the following:—
 - (a) Lead, Kindly Light.
 - (b) I loved to choose and see my path.
 - (c) And with the morn these angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
4. Explain the following with reference to the context:
 - (a) The night is dark, and I am far from home.
 - (b) I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will.
 - (c) Sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
 - (d) I was not ever thus.
 - (e) Keep thou my feet.
5. Analyse the last stanza into clauses.
6. Give in your own words the substance of the last stanza.
7. Write in not more than two sentences the main thought contained in each of the stanzas.
8. Write out the leading thoughts of the poem in your own words.
9. Give the part of speech and construction of:—
step (6); see (9); spite (11); angel (17); since (18);
awhile (18).

20. AS YOU LIKE IT

I

THE USES OF ADVERSITY

[A certain Duke who had been deposed and banished from his dominions by his younger brother, returned with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden. Here they lived happily like the old Robin Hood of England. The Duke bore adversity with philosophic calm. There was no situation from which he could not draw some useful lesson. Here, the Duke is speaking. He says that forest life is more free from danger and from flattery than court life. The bitter wind makes him as cold as any other man, although he is the Duke: it does not flatter him].

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it.

—William Shakespeare.

Line

NOTES

- 2 *Old custom*, long familiarity.
- 5 *the penalty of Adam*, the change of seasons; before the fall of Adam, it was balmy spring all through the year. The change of seasons brought cold winter weather, and was part of the punishment Adam brought on himself by his disobedience.
- 6 *seasons' difference*, variation of temperature in the different seasons. *icy fang*, note metaphor. *as*, as for instance.
- 7 *churlish chiding*, blustering sound.
- 8 *which*, as regards which.
bites and blows, blows biting, keenly.
- 11 *feelingly*, by making themselves felt.
- 12 *uses*, advantages, benefits.
- 14 *precious jewel*, it was an old belief that the toad had a precious stone inside its head. The toadstone had peculiar medicinal efficacy, especially as an antidote to poison; this belief may have arisen from the peculiar brightness of the toad's eye.
[Adversity, the Duke says, has some sweet uses. It resembles the toad, which in olden times, was thought to be a poisonous reptile, but carried a precious stone in its head.]
- 15 *exempt*, remote, away from.
public haunt, the dwellings and meeting places of men.
- 16 *finds tongues etc.*, finds in everything in nature a lesson by which men may profit.

EXERCISES

1. Answer the following questions in complete sentences :—In what ways was forest life sweeter than life at court? What was the penalty of Adam? Why is the winter's wind a faithful counsellor of the Duke? Why is adversity compared to a toad? Why would the Duke not change his forest life for life at court?

2. Give the substance of the Duke's speech.

3. Write a short paragraph comparing forest life with court life.

4. Explain :—painted pomp ; seasons' difference ; icy fang ; churlish chiding ; bite and blow ; feelingly persuade ; public haunt.

5. (a) Explain the figure of speech in the following :—
the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body...

(b) Give an example of a *simile* from the piece.

6. Give the part of speech and construction of each of the following words :—sweet (1) ; that (2) ; court (3) ; but (4) ; difference (5) ; what (10) ; exempt (14).

7. Write a short essay in three paragraphs on " Which is better—town life or country life ?"

Hints:—the joys of town life — disadvantages—good features of country life — defects — conclusion.

II

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

[One of the Duke's followers, Jacques, is a gloomy philosopher. He sees only the miserable and contemptible things in life and his heart and tongue have become bitter. He says that the whole world is a stage, on which all men are actors. Their life is a play divided into seven acts which he describes. These seven acts show a cynical outlook on life and seem to tell us that life has no purpose or good in it. We all begin as babes, grow up, become old, and die.]

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—William Shakespeare.

NOTES

- 5 *his acts being seven ages*, the seven periods of his life form the several acts of his play.
- 6 *mewling and puking*, crying and slobbering (i. e. with the saliva flowing out of the mouth).
- 7 *satchel*, bag for books.

- 8 *shining morning face*, with a clean face shining from the morning wash. *like snail*, slowly.
- 10 *woeful ballad etc.*, song expressing grief.
- 12 *strange*, foreign. *strange oaths*, oaths learnt whilst on service in foreign countries. *bearded like a pard*, with a thick beard and long pointed moustaches bristling like a leopard's whiskers.
- 13 *jealous in honour*, jealous in matters concerning his honour. *sudden...quarrel*, hasty and ever ready to take up a quarrel.
- 14 *bubble reputation*, reputation is an elusive, if desirable, possession. When caught it bursts like a bubble and leaves the hand empty.
- 16 *capon*, chicken.
- 17 *beard of formal cut*, beard cut precisely, to be in keeping with his office.
- 18 *saws*, old proverbs.
modern instances, trivial, common-place examples.
- 20 *pantaloons*, dotard; a comic character in old Italian comedy, wearing slippers, spectacles and a pouch, and invariably represented as old, lean, and gullible.
- 22 *youthful hose*, hose that he had worn as a boy.
- 23 *shrunk shunk*, withered legs.
- 27 *mere oblivion*, total loss of memory.
- 28 *sans*, without.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in not more than two sentences:—

- (a) What is the stage of which Jacques speaks? What is the drama? What are its acts? Who are the actors?
- (b) What picture of a school-boy does the poet give in this piece? (c) How and why does the lover sigh? How does he try to win the favour of his lady-love? (d) What charac-

teristics of a soldier do you find in this lesson? (e) Give a pen-picture of a country magistrate of the Elizabethan Age. (f) Describe the sixth stage of a man's life according to Jacques. (g) What view of life is presented by Jacques?

2. Take an opposite view of life, and give a different picture of the seven ages of man.

3. Fill up the blanks in the following account of a soldier's life in the days of Shakespeare:—

We see before us a — soldier who indulges — strange —, learnt whilst — service in — countries. He is very — in matters concerning his — as a soldier. He is very — and ready in a moment to — — a quarrel. He is so — as to seek — fame even at the — of his life.

4. Explain the following:—

mewling and puking; woeful ballad; full of strange oaths; bearded like a pard; bubble reputation; wise saws and modern instances; shrunk shank; the lean and slipper'd pantaloon; childish treble; second childishness.

5. In what sense does Shakespeare use the following words? What is their modern meaning?

Puking, woeful, strange, sudden, modern, shank, mere.

6. Write sentences to illustrate the two meanings in the plural of the following nouns:—

pantaloon, spectacle, part, number.

7. Form the genitive case plural of:—

woman, mistress, child, cannon, nurse.

8. Point out any peculiarities of grammar or diction in the following:—

(a) And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

(b) And his manly voice
Turning again to childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

9. Give two instances of Shakespeare's allusion to the social customs of his own times, as revealed in this piece.

10. Write a brief biographical sketch of any famous man of whom you have heard or read.

11. Learn the whole piece by heart.

21. KING HENRY V

[Henry V was a famous king of England who reigned from 1413 to 1422. He was a brave man, a clever soldier and every inch a king. There was war between England and France in those days. Henry invaded France and laid siege to Harfleur. The town fell, but the English army was thinned by disease and fighting. Some of the nobles advised him to return to England, but Henry scorned the idea and advanced towards Calais. The main army of the French overtook the English when they were near Agincourt, about 45 miles from Calais. Both sides prepared for battle on the following morning.

The king went among his men as they lay in camp and spoke to them, filling them with courage. The numbers of the French appalled the English leaders. This passage describes how Henry inspired his generals with his own high courage.]

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

Enter King Henry.

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin : 5
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more:
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold; 10
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive. 15
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host, 20
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us. 25
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and sees old age, 30
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is St. Crispian:"
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, 35
But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, 40
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered; 45
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed 50
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

—William Shakespeare.

Line

NOTES

- The Earl of Westmoreland is speaking when Henry enters.
 3 *that do no work*, who are idle at home.
 4 *what's he*, who and what kind of man is he?
 6 *marked*, destined. *enow*, enough.
 7 *to do our country loss*, for our country to lose. *do*, cause.
 9 *God's will*, let God's will be done.
 10 *covetous for gold*, greedy of gold.
 11 *feed upon my cost*, live at my cost by my hospitality.
 12 *it yearns me not*, it does not grieve or annoy me.
 13 *such outward things*, such trifles as dress, food and wages.
 16 *faith*, truly. *coz*, cousin. *wish*, wish for.

- 17 *God's peace*, may God's peace be with us.
18 *share from me*, share with, and thus take a part away from, me.
19 *for the best hope I have*, even at the cost of salvation.
21 *stomach*, inclination, or courage.
22 *his passport shall be made*, he will be given a free and safe passage home to England.
23 *convoy*, travelling expenses.
25 *that fears his fellowship to die with us*, who is afraid to die in company with us.
26 *feast of Crispian*, October 25th; Crispin and Crispian were two brothers born in Italy. They earned their living as shoemakers. They went to convert the Gauls to Christianity. They suffered martyrdom on October 25th, and later became the patron-saints of shoemakers. The battle of Agincourt was fought on October 25th, the anniversary of the martyrdom of the two brothers.
27 *outlives*, survives.
28 *a tip-toe*, in proud exultation.
29 *rouse him*, rouse himself, 'prick up his ears'.
31 *vigil*, the evening before the Saint's day.
33 *strip*, pull up.
36 *advantages*, additions.
38 *household words*, very familiar, well-known words.
41 *flowing cups*, cups that are continually replenished with wine. *freshly*, ever and again, and always with the relish of a new story.
42 *this story* of St. Crispian's day when the king and his heroic followers performed feats of valour will be related by the father to his children.
43 *go by*, pass by.
45 *but we in it etc.*, without our being remembered.
48 *be he never so vile*, however low or base he may be by birth.

- 49 *gentle his condition*, raise him to the rank of a gentleman.
 50 *now a-bed*, now idling away their time at home.
 51 *accursed*, unfortunate.
 52 *hold their manhoods cheap*, feel ashamed.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in not more than two sentences :—

(a) Why did Westmoreland wish for ten thousand men from England? (b) Give two reasons why Henry did not wish for even one man more. (c) For what would Henry willingly be the greatest sinner alive? (d) What did Henry ask Westmoreland to proclaim through the English army? (e) What effect would the very name of St. Crispin have on the soldier who survived the battle? (f) Whom would the King regard as his brother? (g) How would the low-born soldier profit by taking part in the fight? (h) Why should gentlemen in England think themselves put to shame?

2. Give in your own words the substance of the King's rebuke to Westmoreland.

3. Give a picture of an Agincourt veteran at home on the eve of St. Crispin's day.

Hints : feast — admiring neighbours—old scars —his deeds of valour exaggerated — the toast in well-filled cups — names of heroes remembered — their feats recounted again and again — relish of a new story.

4. Explain the following, giving the context very briefly :—

(a) If it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive.

(b) We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

- (c) I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have.

5. Fill up the blanks below with prepositions as used by Shakespeare. What other preposition would be used in modern English in each case?

- (a) By Jove, I am not covetous — gold.
(b) Nor care I who doth feed — my cost.
(c) That he which hath no stomach — this fight,
Let him depart.

- (d) Then shall our names
Be — their flowing cups freshly remembered.
(e) As one man more, methinks, would share — me,
For the best hope I have.

6. Point out any peculiarities of grammar or diction in the following:—

- (a) God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
(b) Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart.
(c) We would not die in that man's company.
(d) Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember.....

- (e) Then shall our names
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

7. In what sense does Shakespeare use the following words:—

Yearns, stomach, convoy, advantages, a bed, a tip-toe ?

8. Give the part of speech and construction of:—the (8); soul (15); as (18); that (25); safe (27); him (29); all (35); what (37); words (38); ending (44); gentle (49).

9. Write a brief sketch of the character of King Henry V as revealed in the piece studied.

22. JULIUS CAESAR

[Julius Caesar was the greatest man of his time. He was a famous soldier, and had conquered many lands for Rome. He had given Rome just laws, fine buildings and a healthy city. He was so successful that many people envied and hated him. He always pardoned his enemies, for he was afraid of no one. Yet success had made him too sure. Many people thought that he wished to become King of Rome, and Rome was a Republic, and hated the name of king.]

Cassius, who was jealous of Caesar's success and power, was plotting to kill him. He gathered all the men he could find who hated Caesar. But to give the plot favour in the eyes of the people, he won over Brutus to join him. The people loved Brutus, for he was a noble and honourable man, a true patriot, who would gladly have died for Rome's freedom. Cassius told Brutus that Caesar was plotting for the crown and must die if Rome was to remain free. And although Caesar was Brutus' dearest friend, he decided that for Rome's sake, he must kill him.

The plot was successful. Caesar was murdered in the Senate House. In the confusion that followed, Caesar's body was taken to the market-place, and Mark Antony, a devoted friend of Caesar, was allowed to speak the funeral oration. By his clever speech he won over the crowd to his side, and the conspirators were driven from Rome. Antony joined Augustus, Caesar's heir, and together they routed the conspirators at the battle of Philippi.]

Antony—

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man; 10
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: 20
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause: 30
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen—Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen—If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen—Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen—Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen—If it be found so, some will dear abide it. 40

Second Citizen—Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen—There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen—Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Antony—

But yesterday the word of Caesar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men. 50

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's
wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, 60
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen—We'll hear the will: read it, Mark
Antony.

Citizens—The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's
will. 65

Antony—Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it:

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad. 70
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it.

Fourth Citizen—Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

Antony—Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen—They were traitors: honourable men!
Citizens—The will! the testament! 80

Second Citizen—They were villains, murderers: the
will! read the will.

Antony—You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens—Come down.

Second Citizen—Descend.

(*Antony comes down.*)

Third Citizen—You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen—A ring; stand round.

First Citizen—Stand from the hearse; stand from
the body. 90

Second Citizen—Room for Antony; most noble
Antony.

Antony—Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens—Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony—If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember 95

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made: 100

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods! how dearly Caesar lov'd him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, 110
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
'O, what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I and you and all of us fell down
Whilst bloody treason triumph'd over us.
O, now you weep, and, I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops. 115
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen—O piteous spectacle! 120

Second Citizen—O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen—O woeful day!

Fourth Citizen—O traitors! villains!

First Citizen—O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen—We will be revenged.

All Citizens. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn!

Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live.

Antony—Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen—Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen—We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Antony—Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up 130

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him. 140

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus, 145

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 150

Citizens—We'll mutiny.

First Citizen—We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen—Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony—Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Citizens—Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony.

Antony—Why, friends, you go to do you know not what : Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not : I must tell you then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens—Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear the will. 160

Antony—Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen—Most noble Caesar ! we'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen—O royal Caesar !

Antony—Hear me with patience.

Citizens—Peace, ho !

Antony—Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side of Tiber ; he hath left them you, 170

And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar ! when comes such another ?

First Citizen—Never, never ! Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitor's houses.

Take up the body.

Second Citizen—Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen—Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen—Pluck down forms, windows, any
thing. 180

(*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*)

Antony—Now let it work. mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Line

NOTES

1 *Lend me your ears*, listen to me.

4 *interred*, buried.

5 *so let it be etc.*, let Caesar's good deeds be buried with him; I will not speak of them.

7 *grievous*, very serious.

8 *grievously*, dearly, heavily.

17 *ransom*, money paid for the liberation of prisoners of war.
general coffers, public treasury.

23 *Lupercal*, a Roman festival in honour of Lupercus, the God of fertility, held on the 15th February.

28 *disprove*, contradict.

31 *withholds you to mourn*, prevents you from mourning.

33 *bear with me*, pardon me; be indulgent to me.

34 *my heart.....* Caesar, I am overcome by grief at the sight of Caesar's body.

40 *will dear abide it*, pay dearly for it.

46 *none so poor.....reverence*, the meanest man is now too high to respect Caesar.

48 *mutiny*, revolt, strife. *rage*, violent anger.

54 *parchment*, skin of goat or sheep prepared for writing on.

55 *closet*, private room.

- 56 *the commons*, ordinary people. *testament*, will.
59 *napkins*, handkerchiefs.
60 *for memory*, as a memorial; a thing to remember him by.
62 *bequeathing*, leaving by will. *legacy*, property left by will.
63 *issue*, children.
67 *meet*, proper, right.
70 *inflame*, excite your spirits. *mad*, with rage.
71 *heirs*, to his property.
76 *I have o'ershot myself*, I have gone too far.
90 *hearse*, funeral bier.
95 *mantle*, cloak.
98 *the Nervii*, the most warlike of the Belgic tribes.
100 *rent*, hole.
104 *to be resolved*, to make certain, to be satisfied; when Brutus stabbed, Caesar's blood rushed out of the wound to make sure whether or not it was Brutus who had stabbed Caesar.
105 *knocked*, at the door of Caesar's heart; note the figure of a person knocking at a door, and the inmate coming out hastily to see who had knocked.
111 *quite*, wholly. *vanquished*, conquered.
112 *muffling up*, covering up, for he could not bear the sight of such base ingratitude.
113 *even at the base of Pompey's statue*, it is one of the most wonderful pieces of irony of fortune in all history that Caesar should be killed at the foot of the statue of Pompey, his great and vanquished rival.
114 *ran blood*, all the time the blood was pouring down the base of the statue.
119 *the dint of pity*, the influence of pity, *i.e.*, you are shedding tears.
gracious drops, kindly tears of sympathy.
121 *vesture*, garment.
122 *marr'd with*, disfigured by.

- 131 *sudden flood of mutiny*, sudden outburst of rebellion ; note figure ; sudden mutiny is compared to a flood.
- 133 *private griefs*, personal grievances, Antony is cleverly suggesting that they killed Caesar for their own personal ends, not on behalf of the State.
- 136 *steal away your hearts*, win your support from Brutus' party to my own, by working on your feelings.
wit, wisdom, intelligence.
- 141 *words*, ready supply of speech. *worth*, moral excellence.
- 142 *action*, appropriate gestures.
utterance, eloquence, the power to speak fluently ; note the qualities required for a good orator.
- 145 *were I Brutus etc.*, if I had the oratorical powers of Brutus, and if Brutus were moved by love of Caesar as deeply as I am. *were*, would be.
- 146 *an Antony*, a new Antony.
- 147 *would*, who would.
- 148 *ruffle up your spirits*, stir you to the highest pitch of excitement.
- 163 *drachma*, standard Roman coin of that time, as the rupee is the standard coin of India to-day.
- 168 *walks*, gardens.
- 169 *arbours*, bowers. *orchard*, fruit-gardens.
- 171 *common pleasures*, pleasure grounds to be enjoyed in common by you all.
- 180 *forms*, benches.
- 181 *afoot*, in motion.
- 182 *take thou etc.*, it is immaterial to me what form you assume ; 'let the consequences be what they will.'
Note the personification of Mischief.

EXERCISES

1. Answer each of the following questions in not more than two sentences :—

- (a) What three instances does Antony give to show that Caesar could not have been ambitious?
- (b) Why does Antony call men worse than brutes?
- (c) For what reasons did Antony pause in his speech?
- (d) What effect did Antony's speech, examining the charge of treason against Caesar, have on the citizens?
- (e) What was Antony's object in mentioning Caesar's will in his speech?
- (f) What effect, according to Antony, would the reading of Caesar's will have on the citizens?
- (g) Why does Antony speak of the first time Caesar put on the mantle?

[Caesar, the conqueror of all the Ancient World, their old hero, first wore it on the day of his victory. The mantle consecrated by glory when it was first worn, was desecrated by traitors when it was last worn. Antony thus reminds the Roman citizens of all that was glorious in Caesar's career.]

- (h) What motive does Antony attribute to Caesar's murderers?

- (i) What are the qualities necessary for a good orator?
- (j) What were the provisions of Caesar's will?

2. Write the answers to each of the following groups of questions in a connected paragraph :—

- (a) Why was the blow struck by Brutus the unkindest of all? What happened when Brutus pulled out his dagger from Caesar's heart? How does Antony describe the blood flowing out? What did Caesar do when he saw Brutus stabbing him? What was the ultimate cause of Caesar's death? Where did Caesar fall? What is the irony of this?

- (b) What effect had the mention of Caesar's will upon the mob? How were the citizens affected when Antony repeatedly mentioned the honour of the conspirators? What

did the citizens now think of Brutus and his friends? How did they behave when they saw Caesar's mangled body? Who called them to order? How? How did the citizens feel when Caesar's will was read out to them?

3. Give briefly the substance of Antony's speech, in three paragraphs, not exceeding 25 lines:

Hints: the charge of ambition examined—Rome's debt to Caesar—mention of will—corpse of Caesar shown—reading of the will—mob stirred to mutiny.

4. Fill up the blanks in the following account of Caesar's victory over the Nervii:—

The Nervii were a—tribe, the—warlike of all the Gauls. In B. C. 57 there— —a fierce battle between the—and the Nervii. The Romans had been—in an ambush, and the Roman legions were—from total destruction by—marvellous presence of—. He turned—defeat into a—victory. The delight and pride of the—knew no—, and a public thanksgiving was—by the Senate. Caesar was—as a great hero, and his—was recorded as one of the most—events in the—of Rome.

5. Give the meaning of the following:—

(a) testament, legacy, hearse, mantle, arbours, brands

(b) grievous fault; general coffers; sterner stuff; bear with me; to be resolved; gracious drops; flood of mutiny; private griefs; dumb mouths; common pleasures; dear abide; dint of pity.

6. In what sense are the following words used by Shakespeare:—masters, napkins, dint, marred, several?

7. Explain:—

(a) Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

(b) My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar.

(c) If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

(d) None so poor to do him reverence.

(e) I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

8. Give in simple language the substance of :—
 - (a) lines 56-63; (b) lines 144-150.
9. Explain briefly, giving the context :—
 - (a) O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.
 - (b) Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
10. Explain the figures of speech in the following :—
 - (a) Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 - (b) But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world.
 - (c) Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no.
 - (d) Mischief, thou art afoot
Take thou what course thou wilt.
 - (e) They were wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
11. Point out the force of *shall* or *will* in the following :—
 - (a) If it be found so, some *will* dear abide it.
 - (b) I *will* not do them wrong.
 - (c) *Shall* I descend? *Will* you give me leave?
 - (d) We *will* be revenged.
 - (e) You *shall* have leave.
 - (f) We *will* die with him.
12. Turn the following questions into statements :—
 - (a) Was this ambition?
 - (b) What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
 - (c) Will you be patient?
 - (d) When comes such another?
13. Rewrite as directed :—
 - (a) None so poor to do him reverence. (Turn into an affirmative sentence.)
 - (b) I tell you that which you yourselves do know.
(Turn into a negative sentence.)

(c) Oh! what a fall was there my countrymen! (Turn into an assertive sentence.)

(d) This was the most unkindest cut of all (Use the comparative and positive degrees.)

(e) There is not a nobler man in Rome than Antony. (Use the positive degree.)

(f)If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong.
(Turn into a simple sentence.)

(g)That they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

(Put the verbs into the passive voice.)

14. Comment on the grammar of the following sentences:—

(a) If it were so, it was a grievous fault.

(b) This was the most unkindest cut of all.

(c) I rather choose to wrong the dead—
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

(d) What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

(e)But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony,
Would ruffle up your spirits.....

(f)He hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

15. Give the part of speech and construction of the following words:—home (16); ambitious (18); what (31); none (47); dying (61); day (98); to be resolved (104); stab (109); arms (110); muffling (112); but (117); marred (119); that, that (139); mouths (145); to rise (150).

